

A Pot of Manna

Mrs. Fannie Stienbrecher Erb

A POT OF MANNA

BY

Mrs. Fannie Stienbrecher Erb.



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.. **DEDICATION.**

To my brothers and sisters in the faith, scattered
all over the world, is this little book lovingly dedi-
cated.

THE AUTHOR.

June 30, 1910.

PREFACE.

I have no apologies to make for writing this book. The gospel story is so sweet, salvation is so real and so essential to the uplift of suffering humanity, the only thing that will save from an eternity of woe, that I feel highly honored by my blessed Lord in being used of Him in helping by voice and pen to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, trying to fortify my testimony by a holy life, "void of offense toward God and man." To Him belongs all the glory, for just as the hammer and saw are powerless, unless wielded by the hand of the carpenter, just so are we unless inspired and led by the Holy Spirit of God. So I send out this little book in the name of Him who died to redeem us, and believe it will accomplish the purpose for which He caused it to be written and sent forth. May God bless every copy, and every reader, and make it a blessing wherever it goes, not to soothe and put to sleep carnal professors, but to awaken the lost, to lead on the believer, strengthen the saints, and comfort the tried.

Yours in Him,

Mrs. Fannie Stienbrecher Erb.

CHAPTER I.

Manna for the Soul.

Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness. 2 Cor. 9:10.

Anything that feeds the soul, deepens its love, strengthens its faith, fires its courage, increases its determination to go through with God, invigorates, enlightens, strengthens, is manna to the soul, or soul pabulum, as dear Dr. Godbey puts it.

We have all had more or less experience with the newspaper. When we first picked it up we thought we would read only the locals, but here and there were startling headlines in large, imposing letters, and we would read about a murder here, a wreck there, a bankrupt here, a theft there, until we could just feel the soul shrivel up, and if we took warning in time we threw the paper down in disgust, with a very prominent empty feeling in the soul. A leakage had sprung somewhere, and faith was weakened, love was soured, determination wilted, and we wished we had never seen a newspaper.

Then there are magazines without number, which give valuable information on business, politics, dress

making, etc., but the soul looking out with hungry eyes sees nothing to feed upon, nothing that would strengthen its faith in God, nothing to make it love God more, nothing to inspire its hope of heaven.

Shall I mention the novels that pave the way to hell? Or the hundreds of cheap fireside papers that reek poison from the pit? That are filling our jails and penitentiaries with boys, some scarcely in their teens? Surely the devil is busy. He wants to so stultify and stupify the soul by reading this awful trash, that when the Holy Spirit does wish to arouse it from its lethargy, and sermon after sermon falls as red-hot coals upon its dull ears, it cannot hear nor comprehend, nor grasp the reality of a Savior, a hell or a heaven. It has dealt so long in fiction, in things unreal, and of human creation that it fails to grasp there is anything real or of divine creation. Thank God, He can break through even this kind of a spell and unbind the soul and set it free if it gets in earnest and casts itself unreservedly on His mercy. But how few ever get this far; how many try a little, then give up in despair and make their bed in hell.

Now if this is all, we might congratulate ourselves that it is no worse; but alas, the devil never sleeps, and uses every channel he can to destroy souls and populate hell, and if he can get those who profess a high state of grace to propagate a wrong doctrine, he is more than pleased, for he knows the harm done the cause of Christ is not to be measured. Me-

thinks hell will be hotter and more unendurable to the soul that thought it was right, would spend eternity in heaven, than for any other soul, when it wakes up to find that hell will be its portion forever and forever! No chance to retrace steps; no altar at which to find pardon; no God to answer prayer; no relief; not a ray of light forever and forever! Oh the awful thought! How we ought to search the Scriptures, and see for ourselves whether or not we are on the narrow way that leads to endless delight. Jesus said (John 7:17), "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." So if we are sincere and honest, and study God's word with an eye single to His glory and our own salvation, we shall know of the true doctrine.

Any company of people propagating doctrine contrary to Scripture, is to be rebuked, shunned, and exposed; and especially the papers published as an organ of these people, and used to scatter broadcast, as a sower does his seed, heresy and wrong doctrine.

Russell, with his many hundreds of followers and literature that is almost given away, is doing untold damage. If the devil can get anyone to believe there is another chance of salvation after this life, or that there is no hell, he has that soul almost as sure as though he were already in hell.

The Seventh Day Adventists follow a close second. A hell of a three days' duration is all they can find in the Bible. Their literature is scattered everywhere; some of it meat, but a lot of it poison.

Then there is the Mormon faith, faithfully scattered by word and pen, until thousands are caught in this malstrom of heresy and evil doctrine.

With this array before us, and many more we could mention, as Christian Science, etc., is it any wonder our hearts cry out, "How long, oh God, how long?" That our eyes overflow with tears, and we feel like a chip on the broad bosom of the river, unable to check the awful current, surging down through time, and emptying into the hearts of millions of readers, who will go to hell deceived and blinded by the food they fed their souls!

Thank God through all this mass of darkness, deception and death comes a ray of truth and life. God's word is printed in more different languages, has a wider circulation, is more studied and read than ever before. The small army of holiness writers is increasing; a goodly number of holiness papers enter thousands of homes, and thus the truth is spread.

But we are far too spare with our holiness literature. While we sit and sleep, the devil multiplies his efforts, and to our one holiness book offered to some poor soul, his agents have been handing out hundreds of death-dealing weapons. God help us to wake up, shake off our indifference, arise to our opportunity and scatter broadcast holiness literature everywhere. Many a soul has been led into the light reading "Victory," by Godbey, "The Double Cure," by Knapp, etc., and these only ten cents a copy!

Could we multiply our usefulness any cheaper and to more advantage than to get five dollars worth of these books and then give or lend or sell as the Lord leads? God help us to work while it is day for the night cometh when no man can work.

CHAPTER II.

Paper Flower Professions.

There are so many people these days that have a paper flower profession.

Look at that beautiful plant in the window! How it stretches every stem toward the light! How the leaves seek the sunshine, and turn full face toward the sun! Just so with the fully justified! They are seeking light. Not a single holiness fighter among them! They don't say, "I got it all in conversion," or "I expect to grow into it," but they search the word of God which is a light unto their path; they look to the Son of righteousness for guidance, and as He sheds His rays on privilege and duty they gladly obey.

Not so with paper flowers. Light and sunshine would fade them. They must be kept under glass in a darkened corner. They do not expect to grow, neither do they expect it to be a blessing; simply exist, that is all, and fading as time goes on. Just so with people who have a profession but no possession. They do not care for more light; it would reveal the barrenness and emptiness of their souls. They fight holiness because they would have to repent and get rid of their sins before they could obtain anything like the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that would be too humiliating. So they take comfort

in shrinking away in some dark corner, calling the holiness people cranks and old fogies, and are content to live on and on, never anything more than a tissue paper flower, some day to be thrown into the stove or into the street.

Then we can note a great difference between the real plant and the paper plant in a rain. How eagerly the real plant will drink in the rain, how fresh it looks, and how it will grow after a good bath in the rain! But now rest your eyes on the paper plant. There is nothing left of it that would tell of its former grace and beauty; it could not stand the wind of adversity, or the rain of persecution. Not so with the true saint. The showers are just as welcome as the sunshine, because afterwards they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and cause the fruits of the Spirit to grow abundantly. Let us be sure we have an experience that is real, a known salvation; something that grows, something that reaches out after the whole will of God, nothing artificial, or make believe, nothing tacked on, but really born from above, and afterward baptized with the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER III.

The Price of a Soul.

For ye are bought with a price. I Cor. 6:20.

We have often heard the expression that "Salvation is free." Then again we consider the price paid upon Calvary, although a great price, a loving offering for the lost souls of this world, a grand atonement for the sins of men; all that has been paid or was necessary to pay.

Now this was a great price. We will never know just how much it cost God to give His only begotten Son to die the ignominious death of the cross until we reach the other shore. We will never know here just what God suffered every time a tear trickled down the face of His well beloved; how it pierced His heart every time a thorn pierced the fair brow of the Lord and King of Kings; how all heaven waited breathlessly in suspense as the Mighty Monarch of the skies fought and won the battle in the wilderness, in Gethsamane, on the cross, over the grave; or how the angels loved to minister to Him as weary, hungry and rejected of men, He had nowhere to lay His head, spent whole nights on the mountain side, and received without complaint the taunts and sneers of the very folks He was there to bless and die for.

Oh, yes! The price was so great, the chasm to bridge over was so deep that none but the Son of God Himself could have ever paid it. Yet methinks as God put Abraham (faithful, true hearted, righteous Abraham) to the test of offering up the only son of his bosom, He would not allow a human father to manifest more depth of consecration than He, the Almighty God. If Abraham had failed, and permitted his love for his child to come between him and God we might never have had a Deliverer, but because he was willing to offer up his only son, and Isaac was willing to be offered, it touched the great heart of God, and He said, "I too will give up my only begotten, to die for that lost world, for man must not exceed Me, in sacrifice, mercy, and love." Ah yes, Abraham proved to God that there was something in the human heart worth paying the awful price for. It was something that loved God of its own free will to such an extent that nothing could separate it from God, no, not principalities, powers, death nor life, famine nor sword.

But is this all that is paid for a soul? Many a man and woman if they could see the workings of God, would realize that God is paying out continually a whole stream of money, love, sacrifice, mercy and patience to win their souls. Here is a man who is not saved. He is worth a good deal of money; has a fine farm, a happy family, and everything seems prosperous. God has been calling him to repentance through his love and kindness, but he turns

a deaf ear to all His pleadings. God has sent him the sunshine and showers to make his big crops, has poured money into his coffers, but he fails to recognize God in it all, so God takes another course and speaks louder. He permits sickness to enter the home, and it lays its withering hand upon the queen of the household. Doctors are called, money is spent, but death claims its victim, and the price of his wife is added to the price of his soul; but this time he has to pay. It is costing him dear, but still he refuses to listen and God must call louder still, and demand still another price. His crops begin to fail, adversity comes, his only daughter who was to be his standby as a housekeeper is snatched from his side and laid beside her mother in the cold, dark ground. The bids for his soul are going higher and higher. After he has paid the price of wife, daughter, thousands of dollars in failing crops, loss of horses, and perhaps health, then he begins to come to himself. Then perhaps God has arranged all these circumstances to bring about the necessary change in his heart, will and desires. He causes him to move into a holiness community, or sends a holiness family to locate right near him, or opens up a meeting within his reach, and little by little opens his eyes to his lost condition, makes him hungry for salvation, and as he thinks he has nothing to live for much anyway, he goes to God, bankrupt in worldly treasures, poor and needy, and yields himself to God for salvation. He might have had salvation at a smaller margin;

might have said "yes" to God before all these disasters came upon him, but God saw it was necessary to break his stubborn will, saw it was necessary to make his heart bleed, to knock every prop from under him before he would see his helpless, lost condition and fly to him for refuge. It took years of patient shaping of affairs. Many people, many words, many tears, many dollars and many heart-aches had to be sacrificed before that soul was awakened, aroused, alarmed and saved.

CHAPTER IV.

The Secret Place.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
Psa. 91:1.

People do not hide away old tin cans, wornout shoes, etc., in a secret place where only valuable things are supposed to be kept. Neither does God hide away people in His secret place that are all polluted with sin. Even the justified who still have the root of sin in their hearts are not hid in this secret place. But God wants to hide them there, and as soon as they die out to the world and present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, He burns out the last remains of sin in their hearts by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, and lo! they find themselves dwellers in this wonderful secret place of God.

Now we sometimes try very hard to find a place to hide our money in, that will baffle all the former experience any burglar may have had in finding things, and sometimes we congratulate ourselves in finding just such a place, but many times the burglar proves himself a genius in finding hidden valuables, and our secret place is secret no longer.

Not so with God, the Almighty One. When He

makes a hiding place, it is surely a secret place, and when he hides any one, he is hidden indeed.

God has a burglar to contend with that is a thousand times more than a match to any burglar we have ever heard of; no matter how much he has gained by robbery, and no matter how often he has escaped detection. His name is the Devil, but thank God if the devil is mighty, God is **all mighty**, and so when God hides us in His secret place, the devil can't find us. Bless God forever!

Then it is not only the devil we are hidden from, but we are hidden from the taunts and sneers of men. Did you ever wonder why that certain woman you knew about, with that unsaved husband who cursed and swore at her, never answered back a cross word, but always remained unruffled and sweet in her soul? Why the secret was she was hidden away, and the curses of her husband never reached her. True she heard the wicked words that fell from his lips and her soul was grieved and burdened for his salvation, but the effect he wished to make upon her was all in vain; he could not penetrate that secret place.

Sorrow, trouble and disappointment never enter this secret place. True they roll up mountain high against the soul; they flap their black wings in your face and make a mournful sound, but fail to touch the spring that reveals the hidden soul. In there is joy at God's right hand, and pleasures forever more. No hankering after the empty pleasures of the world; they fade entirely from the vision of the

dweller in the secret place; no worry and sinful hurry in this place, but the machinery is all run by a Master hand, and the oil of the Holy Ghost keeps everything running smoothly, without friction, or unnecessary wear and tear.

It is never dark in this secret place. Jesus is the light and life thereof.

Scripture that is so dark to other folks is perfectly clear to these people. When other folks think Jesus will not come for many hundreds of years yet, they are looking for Him close at hand.

Neither is there any danger of starving in this secret place. Grapes, pomegranates, honey out of the rock, the finest of the wheat, old corn and wine abound in abundance. Father's house is full, and they eat of the fat of the land. Their meat and drink is to do the will of their Father in heaven.

There is no fear of danger in this secret place. Like the sleeping babe that was picked up by a cyclone and carried many hundreds of yards in the center of the storm, and then laid down in the middle of an orchard so gently that it did not even waken, so is the soul hid away in this secret place.

Many dangers to both body and soul are constantly surrounding them but none are permitted to come near without the Father's notice. We will never know the value of God's protecting arm around us, until we reach the other side, then we will know as we are known. How many times we have just escaped traps laid for our feet, and pitfalls dug for our

destruction through the watchful care of Him who loved us so.

Then there is plenty of room in this secret place. No one need fear of being crowded out; there is room and to spare, especially in the line of service. If one has won a thousand souls for Jesus, another can win two thousand without stepping on the toes of the other a bit. If one has two appointments to preach, the other one may have four if he so desires. There's room to the going down of the sun, and every foot of ground you tread upon is yours for an inheritance forever!

Many people try to find this secret place by doing church work, going to the foreign field, etc., but it is only found in one way, and that is laying everything on the altar and trusting in the blood to cleanse from all sin.

In the secret of His presence,
When you've entered at the door,
There secure you'll rest in Jesus,
There are joys forever more.

CHAPTER V.

Rivers of Living Water.

He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his heart shall flow rivers of living water.

But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe on him should receive: for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified. John 7:38, 39.

The first river is the river of praise. Its source is the sanctified heart, and it empties into the ear of God. On account of the upward channel, it cannot flow when there is the least spiritual depression. Persecution, sorrow and trouble only make it flow faster, providing these are received as stepping stones to higher ground. Sometimes, when the Lord especially blesses, it overflows its banks. The closer we live to God, the deeper and swifter the current! Bless His name forever! Taking praise and glory to ourselves soon stops up the river and it ceases to flow as of yore, and after awhile dries up altogether. God help us to keep the channel open that day and night a real river of praise and thanksgiving may flow out of our hearts to God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.

The next river is a river of love, a mighty torrent that inundates everything around it. It flows in the

same channel that hate used to flow, and as the years roll on the channel gets deeper and wider. Glory to God! The main stream runs straight to the heart of God and empties at His feet, for they love him with all their hearts, mind and strength. Then there is a large tributary running to the word of God, another to the prayer meeting, another to the secret closet, another to the pocketbook, and then countless little tributaries flowing to the sick, heathen, missionaries, unsaved, etc., and even reaching their enemies. So this river covers more ground than any other, refreshing the arid waste wherever it goes.

Next comes a river of joy. This river the devil hates above all the rest. It seems to mock him as it goes singing on its way, and all his attempts to clog it up fail to stop its onward course, providing the channel is kept free from debris like discouragement, blue days, dark hours, etc. Sometimes the devil will pile up a great wall of rocks of trials, persecutions, etc., and plaster it good with discouragement, but just about the time he thinks his job will certainly hold this time, the river gets re-enforced by a freshet from above, and with a mighty sweep washes everything before it, swelling its banks and splashing joy wherever it goes.

Then comes the river of peace. This river is mighty and deep, flowing as quietly and serenely as though a storm never stirred its peaceful bosom. The water is so clear you can see away down to the

bottom, where the bright yellow sand glistens in the sunlight. Sometimes the devil takes a stick and tries to stir up the bottom with testing and trial, but failing to find the least bit of mud, the waters remain just as clear and placid as before. Sometimes he will cause a wind to blow called hurry and worry, but from its onward flow you would not know anything unusual was the matter.

The river of faith comes next. This river flows over a very rough, rockbed, through a channel with ragged, craggy edges, and the waters flow with a swish and a wash that wash these rough rocks smooth, so the swifter it flows, the smoother and easier the way becomes. It is a very clear stream, nothing misty or muddy about it. It empties into eternity, and to stop its course would mean eternal damnation.

Now we come to the river of love for souls. Out of some hearts this river is exceedingly narrow and shallow, only reaching their own loved ones and a few friends and neighbors, but out of the sanctified heart it reaches every unsaved soul, whether white or black, rich or poor, lovely or unlovely. Glory to God!

Then there is a river of love for the brethren, which reaches every saint, whether Methodist, Baptist, Quaker, or other name. The baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire having burned up all sectarian lines, leaving us free to love everybody, especially the household of faith.

One very necessary river is the river of determination. How many start in the race for eternal life and lacking determination they let any little obstacle clog up their course, and go back into the world. God help us to go through no matter who rises or falls, no matter what comes or goes. Now one could go on and enumerate numbers of rivers and fail perhaps in mentioning all of them. There is long-suffering, prayer, etc. May each channel be clear cut and wide, that each river may increase in volume, causing the country through which it flows to blossom and bloom with life and freshness, blessing every one that comes in contact with their living waters.

CHAPTER VI.

Justification.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5:1.

So many people cannot distinguish between justification as a work wrought in the heart by God, and justification as an experience laboriously lived by men and women, and when we undervalue justification as an experience, they seem to think we undervalue justification as a work wrought of God, which is by no means the case. To resurrect a sinner dead in trespasses and sins to eternal life is a work beyond our comprehension, a work marvelous in the extreme, a work that God alone can do, and is to be highly honored, greatly appreciated, and continually held before the people as an absolute necessity to their spiritual welfare and admittance into heaven, but God never intended nor expected a soul to stop at this station, and this is where the great mistake is made.

I have heard preachers say that a justified man or woman can live without sin three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, but God does not intend they should try it. When God calls a sinner he calls him to holiness. 1 Thess. 4:7. True, justification is in the way and must first be obtained just as a person

must obtain a ticket to enter any place, where admission is charged, or just as a foundation must first be laid before the building is erected, but this is not expected to be the stopping point. He is now once more just exactly where he was before he committed his first sin as a little innocent child, but pride, envy, jealousy, selfishness, hatred and all these things are still in his heart, just as they are in the heart of every babe that is born. God could not permit the tiniest baby that ever died to enter heaven just as it is. If He did, when it got there, it would want Gabriel to carry it about all the time, would cry for the bright glistening crowns, and turn all heaven upside down with its yells. So the smallest baby before it can enter heaven must be sanctified. This selfish principle, this sinful tendency in its nature, must be taken out before it can pass through the pearly gates, and so just as the little spirit leaves the body it passes under the blood of Christ (blessed blood-bought privilege), is cleansed and is made meet to spend eternity with a holy God, in a holy heaven, with holy angels.

Just so with the justified. While they have power for a short time to keep these things down, yet they are there, and sooner or later will manifest themselves. There is a reason for this. If we would never allow our children to get down on the floor, they would never walk. If we would always feed them, and wait on them, they would always remain helpless and dwarfed. Just so with God's babies, the

justified. When he sees fit He allows such trials and temptations to enter the justified life, that will show them their weak places, reveal to them their carnal hearts, and make them yearn for deliverance. He permits His child to fall, in order to show him his need of a clean heart. That time you pinched your finger, flew off the handle, slammed the innocent door, and said those sharp impatient words you had not used since you were saved two weeks ago, was simply a test permitted by God, to let you see that anger was still in the heart, and under provocation would manifest itself. You were ashamed and mortified the next second, asked God with tears to forgive you, and never let you do that again, but He could only answer the first half of your prayer. He freely forgave you, but He could not make a machine out of you, so the very next day He permitted some thing else to cross your path, and up the angel flared, like a flame suddenly fed with oil, and you became almost discouraged and wondered if this was the way all Christians pursued their way to the Celestial City. But thank God a holiness evangelist came to your neighborhood. He preached holiness, proving out of God's word that this very thing that caused you so much trouble could be removed, and you were the first at the altar. Glory to God, when all was on the altar (Christ) He sanctified you wholly and you never had any more trouble with carnality as long as you obeyed God and walked in the light. But if God had not permitted these tests and

failures to come into your life you would never have felt the need of another work of grace in your heart, and you would still be a baby in Christ, doing no sin particularly, but also doing no good, not as useful as a common chair or table.

The preacher that says we can stay sinless in a justified state as long as we like, holds out to the people a standard that is false, for God does not intend that we should settle down in a justified state and has not made provision for it. The children of Israel were not called out of Egypt to the wilderness (justification) but were called to Canaan (sanctification.) Now the question is, "How soon does God expect to sanctify a soul?" The answer is, "As soon as that soul has light on sanctification." Many people who never heard a holiness sermon, and never knew anything about sanctification, when they died, they passed under the blood as a little child and were sanctified on their death beds, but those who have heard and received the light, if they reject it, they will backslide and lose their justification. We can only retain our justification as we obey God's will, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." 1 Thess. 4:3. But let us look farther into the word of God. God calls the sinner's heart, a heart of stone, and promises if he repents to give him a heart of flesh. Now the justified have a heart of flesh, but as yet it is uncircumcised. Col. 2:11; Acts 7:51. In the old dispensation a child was circumcised the eighth day, so we may conclude a child of

God may be circumcised in heart the eighth day, or the sooner the better.

According to some writers, Israel would have crossed over into the Canaan land three days after she left Egypt had she obeyed God. We find Cornelius sanctified in the first holiness meeting he was ever in, so it proves beyond a doubt that the sooner we go on to perfection, the better it pleases God. If God had intended that we should tarry in the justified experience He would have made provision for a life above sin, but He has not made any such provision; it is impossible to live above sin three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, because sin held down is sin just the same in God's sight. Suppressed anger is sin, and hatred is murder even if concealed in the heart out of sight of men. (1 John 3: 15). If carnality is not subject to the law of God (Romans 8:7), it surely will not subject itself to our laws, but will break out again and again.

Of course it is possible every time one sins to repent, and God forgives, but very soon one gets careless about being sure of God's forgiveness, and with a formal prayer without any depth or real repentance, will ask God to forgive their many transgressions, expecting to go right on doing the same thing over again. There are a lot of spiritual dwarfs in the church that are struggling to keep the spark of eternal life from going completely out, whose best testimony is, "I do many things I should not do, and leave undone many things I should do."

God help us to go on to perfection, to tarry at Jerusalem until we are baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, which burns out the last remains of sin, making us indeed dead unto sin, and alive unto God.

CHAPTER VII.

Sin or Carnality.

To be carnally minded is death. Rom. 8:6.

Sin loves darkness. Sin is deceptive. Sin is underhanded. Sin is flourishing. Sin hates God. Sin hates detection. Sin blights. Sin destroys confidence, faith and love. Sin can never enter heaven. The justified will have to be sanctified, somewhere between their justification and their entrance into heaven if they ever get there. Some folks think the suppression theory will take them to heaven. They think it is all right to want to strike a man, as long as they do not do it. They think you can be angry, as long as you let it boil, all it wants to out of sight, but must not let any steam escape.

Their theory falls when we look at God's word and consider His idea of true salvation. In John 3:15 we read, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." That is pretty strong is it not? Do not have to commit the awful deed by shedding blood, do not even have to let the outside world know about it; it need only be that silent, unobserved, hellish hate, and God says such a one is a murderer.

Then we can admire our neighbor's house all we please, but as soon as that admiration turns to covetousness, we have broken one of the ten command-

ments. We do not need to let a single soul know about it, but God's all-seeing eye sees, and we are sinners in His sight, and God's judgment stands, no matter what other folks say.

Pride is one of the things that God brands abominable in His sight. Yet how often we see people try to cover up pride by a poke bonnet and a plain garb. Then their doctrine falls when we realize that suppression is utterly impossible. God says carnality is not subject to His law (Rom. 8:7), how in the world can we harness it, and make it conform to our laws? Weak creatures that we are, what God cannot do, surely we would be foolish to attempt. Carnality is like a pillowcase full of water, as soon as you suppress the water in one end, it bulges out in the other end.

Pride may be suppressed in one's wearing apparel but it is sure to crop out in one's conversation, in one's actions, etc. I knew a good woman once that said she could live like a queen if she wished, but she did not believe God wanted us to be extravagant.

Her walls had not a single picture hung upon them. There was only one broken rocker in the house, her home looked like a prison in its empty plainness (and she used to wonder why her children did not like home.) This family was worth about twenty thousand dollars. They were proud of their possessions, fine farms and nice fat horses and cattle. If they had given that extra money to God, how many souls might have been won through that money

for Him! But as long as they spent it in their own interest, they might just as well have beautified their home and enjoyed the benefit of their money, but the devil made them believe they were very humble, pious Christians because they sacrificed home comforts, and made them believe they were doing it for Jesus' sake, when they were using that very money to buy more land, build larger barns, and fatten more cattle. God was not getting the benefit of their sacrifice, but while it was suppressed on one side it bulged out on the other.

Carnality is stronger and wiser than we are. It has aptly been called by some one, "The child of the devil," and is nearly six thousand years old. He only laughs when he hears one talk about suppression, or outwitting him, for he knows under that blind, his life will be spared. But crucifixion is the only remedy for him. Sentence has been passed upon him, and he must die. Let him plead for his life in all tenderness, and promise absolute obedience, and desire only a corner in the remotest part of the soul; do not give him any quarters whatever, but hand him determinedly and resolutely to the divine Executioner and do not be satisfied until you know he is so dead that he will not kick any more.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sanctification.

For this is the will of God, even your sanctification.

Thess. 4:3.

A man who has been working all day in a coal mine knows from past experience that as soon as he gazes at himself in a looking-glass, a very black, grimy face will greet his vision. A man visiting the mine will not realize the condition of his toilet until looking at himself in a mirror, he will be surprised at the accumulation of foreign matter on his countenance.

Just so with the human family. The drunkard, the thief, and vagabond have so besmeared themselves with sin that they know very well hell will be their portion unless they repent. But the moral man does not know how unclean he is until God holds the looking-glass of conviction before the vision of his soul, then seeing himself for the first time as God sees him, he is alarmed and mortified, and flies to the Blood for cleansing from his sins. Just so God must show us our sins, and after they are washed away must give us a second look into that wonderful looking-glass, and the photograph that once more appears before the soul's wondering gaze is a picture horrid to contemplate.

Many people when you speak to them of inbred sin, or the carnal mind as the Scripture puts it, will say they have none, or it must be kept down, or it was done away with in conversion; but when God sends them conviction for inbred sin, they find it a black, hellish, slimy, holiness hating, sin-loving, devilish nature within. The warp and woof of their souls, that certainly is there, was not removed in conversion, and cannot be held down, so as soon as they see the soul's face so dirty they again fly to the Blood (blessed privilege!) and lo! the soul is clean. Bless God forever!

Now let us see if God's word bears out in our assertions. In the second verse of the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel we read these words: "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." We know that sinners do not abide in the vine, and hence cannot bear fruit, but here Jesus speaks of fruit bearing branches needing purging (or cleansing) which we must acknowledge are in the vine, hence God's believing children.

Then again in Acts 15:8-9, we read, "Giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith." Peter was speaking of the time he preached to Cornelius and his household, and the Holy Ghost fell upon them. Now Cornelius was not a sinner, as some would be glad to intimate, but a just man, for God says so, and Peter speaking of the disciples, speaks in this verse of the purifying by

faith which they received at Pentecost. Many would have us believe that the disciples were sinners before Pentecost. It would be a strange thing if Jesus forgave sins for those to whom He ministered of the sick folks, and failed to forgive the sins of His disciples who were daily with Him. Besides He tells them to rejoice because their names are written in heaven. We find Peter a coward; Thomas a doubter; James and John covetous; and many other carnal traits in many of them before Pentecost, but after they had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, purging away all their inbred sin, we find them an altogether different set of folks. They are no longer cowards, but gladly give their lives for Jesus; they are willing to be the off-scouring of the world for His sake.

Another verse which cannot be gainsaid is found in Romans 6:6 (let the word of God speak, for it can not lie), "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be **destroyed**, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

Also read Eph. 4:22-24, Malachi 3:3, "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." The sons of Levi are not sinners, but in this case represent the children of God.

James 4:8, "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded," the justified

are the double-minded, having the mind of Christ and the carnal mind.

1 John 1:7, "But if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Also the ninth verse, sin in the singular number means our unrighteous nature, while sins in the plural number means our actual transgressions. We are not to blame for this inbred sin, because we were born with it, it having come down to us from Adam, but we become responsible as soon as we find the means for its removal, just as we become responsible if we contract a dreadful disease and know of a remedy for its cure, if we fail to make use of the remedy we must bear the consequences.

John says, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." Right above this verse says, "The blood will cleanse us from all sin," so he refers to those who are saved, and contend they have no sin, having, as yet not been cleansed.

Romans 8:6, "For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

Eighth verse, "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." This does not mean the body, because in the next verse Paul says, "'But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you.'"

A great many refer to the 3, 4, 5 verses of the sixth chapter of Romans as meaning water baptism,

but water is not once mentioned in this whole chapter. It speaks of being baptized not into water, but into Christ, not buried in a watery grave, but buried into death, meaning death to the old carnal nature, and arising to walk in newness of life, as the following verses show:

Paul in the 7th chapter of Romans in the 24th verse, speaks of a live man, walking about with a dead man strapped to him, which was a means of capital punishment in those days. Now a sinner is not alive but dead in trespasses and sins. So this is a picture of a justified person, with this awful carnal nature strapped to him, that will sooner or later, if not removed, cause his spiritual life to decay and die.

Heb. 10:14, "For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." Then sanctification means, "set apart." This is our part. We lay ourselves upon the altar a holy, living sacrifice. Romans 12:1, to be used of God in any way he sees fit; willing to go to Africa as a missionary or stay at home; willing to testify and pray in public; willing to obey God in the face of opposition and persecution; dead to honor, or dishonor, friends or enemies, poverty or wealth, no matter what comes or goes set apart to do God's will through thick and thin. Here then comes, "power for service." The disciples never could have gone through what they did if the Holy Ghost had not filled them. John says, "Greater is he that is within you, than he that is

without." Just so with God's little ones. The Holy Ghost is not for the world but for the children of God. Read John 14:17, also 17:9, 17. They could never go through what is expected of them without the Holy Comforter to give them courage, determination, and holy joy in all their tribulations, tests and trials. In a word He gives them "power for service." For He Himself is that power, and while He abides He keeps the temple clean. So without the least bit of condemnation God's little ones can serve Him in holiness and godly fear all the days of their lives.

CHAPTER IX.

Consecration.

A great deal has been written on this subject, a great deal more has been experienced, and yet there is always more to learn.

We always associate an offering with an altar and a priest. In olden times when an animal was required as an offering it had to be a fine specimen of its kind, without a blemish, a whole offering; not one-eyed, or lame, or sick. Supposing a certain man wished to make an offering; he selected the finest, sleekest, fattest calf he could find out of his herd, went to the temple early in the morning to offer it to the priest, and found the priest drunk or sick, would that not be an awful calamity for that poor man that felt the wrath of God upon him, and wished to atone for his sins?

How glad we ought to be that our Priest is always ready! Always hears our cry; never turns us away!

Then in those days sometimes a man had to walk fifty miles or more in order to reach the only altar where his offering would be accepted of God. Now Jesus is our altar. Whenever we are ready to make the offering, our altar is right by our side, and all we have to do is to lay our offering upon it.

However, if we have it much handier in these days in regard to our Priest and altar, yet we have more

difficulty in obtaining our offering. Instead of going to a herd and selecting an animal to shed its blood in our behalf, we are the offering ourselves, and must contribute every drop of blood that is drawn (spiritually speaking) by the circumcision of the heart. That is not all. Before we are even ready to be offered, we must be washed in the blood of Jesus in order to wash away all our sins, which regenerates in us a new life, making us a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God. But before that blood can be applied we must get on believing ground, and before we can get on believing ground, we must repent of our sins, turning our back upon every sin, renouncing the world, making restitution where we have wronged any one, and confessing where we have done harm. Just as a man in olden times might take a calf out of his herd, take it to his tent, and keep it where he could fatten it, and make it as nice and perfect an offering as possible, so Jesus if we let Him and are willing to obey his voice, will take our black, sinful, polluted lives and washing us and giving us grace to straighten up all crooked back tracks, will make out of us a fit subject for an offering that will be acceptable to God.

In those days the animal had to die for the man, in these days we have to die; and no matter how anxious we are to be sanctified, no matter how much we loathe the old carnal nature and wish to get rid of it, it is not an easy matter to die. After the nails have all been driven, after father, mother, wife,

children, houses and lands have all been laid on the altar, there is yet a struggle as the old man breathes his last. He has lots of life, and dies hard. He will plead for just the tiniest consideration. Sometimes he gives up all but a wedding ring; sometimes everything but the church and preacher; sometimes he is willing to go to Africa, India, anywhere, but let me stay in the lodge. God never let the fire fall until the offering was all on the altar, and no one was ever sanctified that ever kept anything from God, and no matter where the hitch is the old man will always give all but cling to his idol, whatever that may be. Sometimes it is reputation, money, etc., but glory to God, when the last final "yes" is given for time and eternity, the fire falls and the old man is consumed. The old man is dead, and will always remain dead as long as the offering remains upon the altar.

Now here is where the devil misleads some folks. They seem to think their offering is on some spiritual altar, and it is not disturbed if they do not directly go and literally take something off. If we realize that Jesus Himself is our altar, and the least disobedience disturbs the offering we see things in a clearer light. When Jesus says, "Give one hundred dollars to that missionary," if we disobey we have taken that from the altar and will have to repent, and lay it back again by doing as he requested. If we fail to testify just because some holiness fighting preacher tells us not to be so plain, we have meddled with our offering and it is not intact. Hence

if we disobey in just these little things and fail to keep the fire burning by saying "Yes" continually, and submitting to his complete control everywhere and all the time, we will find our joy gone, the fire out and our feet fast slipping toward hell. For the man or woman that has ever been sanctified and then backed down, woe! woe! unto them! Hell will be hotter and more unendurable for them than for the most wicked man that ever lived and didn't have the light, unless they repent and do the first works over again.

CHAPTER X.

Submission.

Submit yourselves therefore to God. James 4:7.

This is one of the hardest lessons for the human family to learn. Those who do not learn it never reach heaven. Even the little two-year old shows stubbornness, thinks it knows it all, would rather walk alone than be led, gets angry because it can't have the scissors, butcher knife and dangerous things in general. The drunkard laughs at you when you suggest he should come to Jesus and live a holy life; he would rather have his freedom and his whiskey, not realizing that he is bound by chains stronger than any forged here on earth. The belle of fashion considers religion a soft sentimental affair beneath her notice, the business man has no time nor inclination to be tied down by certain cranky laws and notions.

Not until under the pangs of deep pungent conviction, when men and women see the awful chains binding them, the devil with his terrible lash whipping them hellward, and an awful, burning everlasting hell awaiting them, will they submit themselves to God, and allow Him to unloose their heavy burden of sin, sever the chains that bind them, and lead captivity captive.

Their first lesson in submission is learned. In-

stead of rebels, they are now the children of God. Their one desire is to please Him in all things. However, before long they find another law in their members, warring against the law of their minds. Romans 7:23; Gal. 5:17. When they want to testify there is something that holds them back; when they want to do anything for Jesus there is something that troubles them. There are uprisings of pride, anger and hatred, envy, jealousy, etc., and they must constantly watch and pray.

Thank God for the better way. They go to a holiness meeting, and hear about sanctification, that second, definite work of grace that will completely eradicate that troublesome something. Then they are glad to come once more to Jesus; but this time the submission required is altogether different. The other time they laid down their arms of rebellion and submitted to the law of God, now they submit their body a living sacrifice. Time, talent, money, houses, lands, are given to God; before it was rebellion laid down, now it is a consecrated offering, and they are sanctified wholly.

Now comes a real life of submission. Fully abandoned to the Holy Ghost, they give the reins completely into His hands, and He rules and controls. Even here there are continually lessons to be learned. Many things happen every day that we hand over to God in loving submission to Him. We are never so completely yielded up but what under more light we can yield a little more. Oh, to be passive

in my Saviour's hands! To know no will but His! No resisting, no rebellion, no shrinking, no matter how thick the fight, how fierce the battle, how hot the furnace! But a glad "yes" that gets broader, reaches deeper, towers higher, and grows larger as the years roll by.

Sometimes the devil tells me although I am saved and sanctified and determined to go through, yet some day I will fall and lose heaven after all. How it makes me tremble, and I wonder how I can better secure myself against falling, than what I have already done. Then I see nothing to do but submit even more fully to God, and as I do this, I can feel myself sinking deeper and deeper into Him, for nothing must keep us out of heaven, no matter how thorny the path, how steep the incline, how rugged the way, by all means heaven must be reached, and reach it we will if we let God take us there.

CHAPTER XI.

A Dead People.

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Col. 3:3.

A Baptist preacher once told this story. A young man in a certain theological school went to one of the professors one day and asked him what sanctification meant. The professor thought a moment and then said, "You remember Col. Jim who died last year?" "Yes." "Will you go to his grave, and say all the mean things you can think about him, and to him?" The student seemed somewhat puzzled, but reflecting that the professor was one of the soundest men he knew of, he went and did as he was bidden. After he came back and told the professor he had obeyed him, the professor said, "Now you go back and say all the nice things to him you can think of, praise and flatter him abundantly." The young man was more puzzled than ever, but feeling he was in for it, thought it poor policy to stop now, so he went the second time and did exactly as told. After reporting to the professor, he was asked by the old kindhearted instructor: "Did Jim scold back when you talked mean to him?" "Why, no," replied the young man, "he is dead." "Well, did he swell up and smile back at you when you

praised him?" "Why, no," again responded the young man, "he is dead I tell you." "Well," said the professor, "that is what sanctification means, dead to criticism and to praise, and only alive unto God."

Before I knew about sanctification I was always afraid I would do something that would cause other folks to find fault with me; always afraid when I saw two heads together that I was the sole subject of their conversation, was always looking for praise, and if I did not get it, would feel blue and discouraged. I prided myself on my morality, and was very much surprised when other folks could see fault in me, laid awake nights making excuses, and vindicating my own actions before my mind, trying to make myself believe I always did the right thing every time. I would stoutly cling to and fight for my rights, and I felt I was the most abused person living. Often I wished that I might die, and then in my imagination would picture myself lying in my coffin, while all those people that I felt had so abused me were standing around my dead body and lamenting the way they had treated me. I was a girl with a very tender, sensitive nature, and having a step-mother, seemed to me everyone was against me, but how many with every comfort, are just as dissatisfied as I was. It was simply the old carnal spirit acting out its old self-conceited, self-approved nature.

How glad I am that I ever got rid of those tormenting fears, that I let God crucify the old man.

Now, Glory to Jesus, there can be a dozen heads together, it makes no difference to me. As long as our hearts are pure, our souls clean, our consciences clear, and we are walking daily with God, they may dissect all our intentions, may disapprove our actions, and mistake our motives, as long as we know we are obeying our Master, walking in the light, and realizing his smile is upon us, all is well. Glory to God!

We should be equally dead to praise. Praise should make us feel like sinking away out of sight, and bemoan our own utter unworthiness. The closer we get to God the more of his holiness we enjoy, the more we see our own human weakness, the shortness of our vision, the liability of falling, the utter helplessness with which we must lean on God, and our many mistakes.

With this picture there is nothing left for us to boast of, and we feel more than ever that all glory belongs to God; and instead of taking praise we abhor it. Glory to Jesus. Just as possible as it is to be dead on the lines just mentioned, just so dead can we be to the pleasures of the world. Anyone that still hankers after the pleasures of the world is not sanctified. Many times newly sanctified folks, who have not been better taught, will go once more to their usual pastimes, that to them do not appear particularly sinful. However they find a strange distaste for the conversation in the lodge room, which seemed to be the dearest place on earth before. The base-

ball game does not seem to interest as before, and the eyes are soon opened to the fact that the pleasures of yore are pleasures no longer, and the secret closet, the prayer meeting, the hour spent in reading God's word are such seasons of real joy and communion with God, that the other pleasures fade away in comparison, and very soon the devil cannot even tempt them to cast a single longing glance in the wrong direction. Glory to God!

There is also a strange deadness for the love of money. People that would stand and jew the clerk for half an hour, after they get sanctified pay the price asked and are content. Before, they would count the pennies and exact even change to the half cent, and if they happened to drop a quarter in the collection box in church instead of a nickel, they were very careful to pick out four nickles to make up the shortage. Now they toss in a dollar, and wish they could give more. On Thanksgiving day instead of feasting themselves, they give to the poor. Money is held very loosely, beside the Lord getting his tenth (not out of the profit but out of the yearly income) every missionary meeting, every rescue service finds them ready to pledge all they possibly can, and what is marvellous to people of the world, but a well known fact, they always have money to give. Glory to Jesus. They no longer lay up for rainy days, or for the children to quarrel over after they are dead and gone, neither are they afraid of going to the poorhouse, but some way they are now the

real stewards of the Lord's wealth, and they give it out gladly and willingly whenever He bids. These people are certainly a peculiar set. They are dead to fine homes also; they can sing from the heart:

A tent or a cottage, why should I care,

They're building a mansion for me over there—

The ambition of most worldly folks is to have a home in this world, and many are the privations and hardships they are willing to undergo in order to obtain a home, and the nicer, the fancier, and the more imposing, the better they like it. Many times they skimp on the foundation and add to the trimming to make as much show as possible.

Not so with the sanctified. They covet none of these fine homes. Any dwelling, any climate, any country is congenial to them provided that is God's place for them. Instead of complaining, if their dwelling is an humble one, they hallow it with songs of victory and praise, and many the seasons of joy and glory around the family altar, when father and mother thank God for his goodness to them. Glory to God.

I speak from experience. When we first came to Washington, we lived in what is now our chicken house, a whole year. Afterward God permitted us to build a two-story house in order to accommodate the demands made upon us by the work, but many times when I go to feed the chickens I love to linger in the little, low shanty, and my eyes will fill with tears, as I remember the many happy sea-

sons spent with God in that humble home. It was in this shanty that a Baptist preacher knelt with us and asked God to baptize him with the Holy Ghost, and others were blessed on their way to heaven.

There is just one more point I want to refer to. Sanctified folks are dead to their own good deeds and accomplishments. When other folks think they are doing a great deal, they think they are doing very little. There are so many saints in their estimation so far ahead of them, that they feel very much behind. Then there is such a vast territory yet unexplored, so many mountain peaks yet to climb, that they consider their progress mighty slow, and what they have already done sinks into insignificance to what there is yet to be done. It seems like a drop in the ocean and not worthy of mention. As long as God can keep us thus dead, all is well, but when the least life manifests itself in answering back, in accepting praise, in loving money, in coveting fine homes, in pride of what we have done let us fly immediately to the Blood, and in utter humility swear allegiance anew to King Emmanuel and Him alone. Amen.

CHAPTER XII.

A Live People.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. 6:11.

Just as truly as a branch of a thrifty grape vine planted in deep rich soil is bound to bear an abundance of rich luscious fruit, so a Christian, who abides in the true vine, is purged by the divine vine dresser, and is planted in good Canaan soil, is bound to bear fruit.

A certain elderly lady got saved and sanctified in our last summer's meeting. She said she had been seeking peace for twenty years. She belonged to the Eastern Star, and her conception of being good and noble was to have day dreams of visiting this world and comforting broken hearts after she had died and her spirit had separated from her body, and going out among the flowers would worship them, as pure sweet things, and tell them her griefs and sorrows. But now she has found Jesus' precious to her soul, and has been purged as a true branch of the true vine, and her heart's cry is, "Oh Lord, let me do something for you!"

She now does not see any need of waiting to do good until after she is dead, but sees plenty to do

now while she is yet in the 'body; besides it is a delusion of the devil to wait until we are dead to do good. Then the flowers are certainly sweet and pure, but their purity is not voluntary; they were so created and could not by anything else, therefore they deserve no glory, but the One who created them merits all the praise.

Now these live folks seem to thrive on a soil that worldly folks would wither and die on. Worldly folks can't see no use in depriving themselves of jewelry and feathers and a lot of unnecessary fineries in order to send the money to the heathen. They think prayer meetings dreadfully dry, and have no patience with preachers that are too cranky. They try to drown sorrow in whiskey and a round of worldly pleasure, and know nothing of long suffering, patience, love, meekness, kindness, gentleness, etc.

How different with the sanctified folks. How they grow in a prayer meeting! How they send out new shoots of faith, hope and trust! How new determination, new zeal, new power courses through the avenues of their souls! How mellow becomes their love, how sweet their kindness and long suffering. Oh! the prayer meeting was a regular freshet from above. The leaves take on a deeper green, and the fruit is ready to burst with richness. Glory to Jesus! Laying off jewelry and superfluous finery, puts a fiber in ones Christian experience that nothing else can. To wear them in face of better light is to

dwindle and die. It is a noticeable fact that those who cling to these things are sickly and weak, and bear no fruit. The world while it is unwilling itself to give up these things, knows very well that the one professing religion still wearing them has but little, if any, spiritual vitality, and they are not put under conviction by such a one.

Then sanctified people show a great deal of life by the great amount of truth they can absorb from a red-hot Holy Ghost sermon. Have you ever noticed a thrifty plant, how eagerly the leaves stretch forth to receive the welcome rain? How different with a plant that is about dried up. Its absorbing power is most gone, and it does not drink in the rain as fast as before. So it is with the Christian. Those who live nearest to God require the strongest food. They can easily digest gospel meat, and the closer the truth cuts, the more solid the preacher's remarks, the better they like it, and when you think they ought to be satisfied as Bro. Reese says, they look around for more. Glory to God! they keep saying "amen" to God as the truth comes to them, and are determined to walk in all the light they get; they take deeper root in Canaan soil, and my, how they grow!

Sorrow and loss instead of weakening them only makes them stronger. We have noticed the vine that clung to the support so closely, and how it drooped for a little while when the support was taken away, but after a while it gained strength to

climb up the side of the house itself, and was a thing of beauty. So it is with us, when God removes some prop we have been leaning on.

For a while we seem crushed and feel our weakness to live without that certain prop, but as we lean harder on God, we find to our surprise and pleasure that the support was rather a hindrance, than a help, and we grow strong leaning on God only.

How many times we get our eyes on some big preacher. To us he seems the embodiment of truth and holiness, when God will permit him to make some mistake, perhaps be unwise in judgment, and behold our prop is fallen, and we are compelled to acknowledge only God can safely steer us into port. As we lean on Him, we find ourselves climbing higher and higher, until some day we will be high enough to step inside the pearly gates. Glory to God! Oh hallelujah, for the possibilities in grace. Will we ever be able to praise Him enough for what He has done, is doing, and will do for us?

Thank God they are alive to the cry of lost souls, the broken-hearted, the needy and discouraged, etc. They count not their lives dear unto themselves, but are always doing good some way, somewhere. No matter how deep in sin, they know there is a cry in that soul that no one but God can answer. Even the rich cannot drown it by worldly pleasure and comfort; even the heathen in their ignorance seek means to satisfy that heart-hunger, and fail to find it un-

less some missionary shows them the way. Oh, the need of true soldiers of the cross, who are dead to self and alive to God, who are not deaf to the mute appeals coming from every side! May God stir up our latent forces, and make us fully alive to the needs of our fellow-brothers and sisters! They are also alive to the voice of God. He doesn't have to talk to them in thunder tones, through bereavement, through losses and trouble, but they gladly, cheerfully obey, go, give, do, as the case may be. They can understand his leadings. Whenever other folks say, "It is too bad, that meeting was a failure." "They seem to have no success whatever," they can see great success and decisive victories. When other folks have the blues and are discouraged, they are shouting the victory and are overflowed with joy, because they can see God's hand over it all, and they know he never loses a battle. Glory to God! They are alive to the least vibration from heaven. When other folks don't see anything in sight, they are feasting and having a great time. The least touch from the battery in the skies, will set them to tinkling all over, and such is their joy it is unspeakable and full of glory. Oh, glory to Jesus! their joy is real, and long lived, and in the strength of it they do valiantly. Glory to God!

It is not dependent on surroundings or congenial circumstances, but in the most unlikely places it bubbles up and overflows, and blessed is the man or woman who receives the overflow. Around death

beds, amidst persecution, at any time, in any place, praise his name; praise God forever!

Their testimonies are fragrant and spicy. No old goods that were delivered a hundred times before, but something fresh from the throne. They don't need to copy someone's else testimony; they have all they can do to deliver their own. They are usually the first to speak, and if the others do not hurry, they won't even have a chance. Sometimes their testimony is full of fire, and the sparks as they fall on hearts, cause havoc in the enemy's ranks.

Their love is the real live kind. It is the pure article unadulterated. The unfeigned kind the apostle speaks about. It is not pumped up but comes spontaneously, reaches even the bitterest enemies with full force, splashes all over those who ill-treat, misuse and slander, is warm and unchangeable toward God and the brethren, ardent and loyal to the cause and the Bible.

Their patience is not the kind that sets its teeth and bears it. It is the long-suffering kind, and when everything goes wrong, the devil is mad, and blue smoke from the pit fills the air, they have a fine chance to increase their stock and enrich the quality, and they don't fail to improve the opportunity.

May we become so rooted in love and so grow in grace, that we will indeed be a light to the world, salt to the earth, and an adornment instead of a disgrace to the Gospel, bearing much fruit for the Master. Amen.

CHAPTER XIII.

God's Little Lights.

Ye are the light of the world. Matt. 5:14.

Jesus is the light of the world. We are the lamps through which He shines. The darker our surroundings, the more sin there is around us, the more clearly our light ought to shine. How beautiful the life of a patient, meek, humble saint shines, when it is surrounded by lives that are coarse, impatient and uncouth. How sublime is the light that shines forth from the life of a saint that must be spent on an invalid's couch, or in an invalid's chair, when that life is spent uncomplainingly, with cheerfulness, and a patience born from above. Then the light that radiates from a life wholly given up to God leaves behind it a shining trail, that others seeking the road to heaven may find and walk therein.

The justified soul sheds forth light, but it is often obscured by the smoke of carnality. I often have compared the justified life with a kerosene lamp. They need replenishing again and again. Every winter the preacher must hold protracted meetings in order to get them fixed up and ready to shine. Then just as the lamp will not burn until a lighted match is applied, so they need constant encouragement to keep them alive. A gust of wind in the line of opposition or persecution will often blow out the

light, and sometimes the globe is so smoked up with self-interests that Jesus can hardly shine through at all. They must lay up for a rainy day, they must not go to prayer meeting when it is too cold or too hot on account of their health. A few drops of criticism would burst the globe, and sometimes when you need a light the most, the lamp is empty.

Bro. Reese tells us this story. A certain woman was very anxious to see her husband saved. She prayed and prayed to this end, but he seemed very indifferent. One day however, he was out in the field plowing, and the Lord was talking to him. The Holy Ghost showed him a record of his life how he had been rebelling against God, and was a lost man on his way to hell. The conviction grew deeper and deeper until he dropped the lines and started for the house, expecting to ask his wife to pray for him. When he got within hearing distance he heard strange noises, and when he reached the house he found his good Christian wife all out of patience. She was trying to wash and one of the children had upset the tub, and things were going wrong in general. Instead of using patience and trusting God, she flew off the handle, as the expression is, and scolded furiously. Of course the husband could not make his errand known under such circumstances, and went back to the field still an unsaved man.

Instead of finding the lamp burning brightly, he found it empty and dark. Of course she had to repent and get it replenished again.

Thank God, there is another class, who go by that despised name, "the sanctified." These we can liken to an electric light. No matter how hard the winds of adversity blow, no matter what the exposure to the rains of false doctrine and heresy, they swing gaily in the wind, shining brightly through the dark night. No need of a match here as long as they stay connected with the power house on high. Just a twist and you have a clear steady light always, always reliable. They will shine wherever you put them, whether in the home of the rich or the poor, and the globes are never smoky. Jesus can always shine out without any mixture of self. Then the globes are air tight, not a bit of the world on the inside, and they shine until their work is done, and then go out to shine in Heaven forevermore.

Then these lights reveal the awfulness of sin, just as the electric light reveals dirt and filth when turned on. A certain lady who had small children, and who had worked hard all day, was just getting ready to sweep when some distinguished guests were announced and were ushered right into the room looking so untidy. She welcomed her guests and sat down to talk to them, never mentioning the condition of the room, but she was careful not to light a lamp, knowing that her visitors would soon depart, and in the dusk of evening could not discern the untidy appearance of the room. Just so sin loves to hide in dark, secluded places. It hates the light, and does not wish to be disturbed, because when the

light shines upon it, it is revealed and uncovered. So it is with sinners living near the bright light of a consecrated life they get under conviction, and either get saved, or try to get away where they can live unrebuked in their sin.

What bright lights some of those saints were that lived years ago. How their holy lives shone out amidst the darkness and superstition of those awful days. John and Charles Wesley, Frances Havergal, Madam Guyon, George Fox, George Mueller, John Fletcher, Knox and many more whose loyalty to God, love for souls, and untiring zeal for the Master, made them giants in the cause of Christ. Their light has shone around the whole world, and still continues to shine. Glory to God! and many a sinner, sick and weary of stumbling along in the dark, finds a stream of light pouring down from these lives that directs him to the right path leading to glory. The sermons they have left on record, the account of their holy self-sacrificing lives, the inspired songs they wrote continue to light up many a dark hour for the saints, and bring many wandering ones into the fold. Glory to Jesus!

Every dollar we fail to give, every tear we hold back, every testimony that is quenched, every prayer neglected, every service, no matter how small, that we might have done and did not do, will weaken our light, and there will be souls at the judgment that will upbraid us for our negligence in not doing our best for God. Whereas, if we do our best con-

tinually, not counting our lives dear unto ourselves, our lights will shine out clear and steady, and precious never-dying souls will greet us on the other side, guided safely thither by the unwavering radiance from our lights.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jesus.

For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. Acts. 4:12.

Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Can we fathom the full meaning of this word? Can we measure the height, length, depth and breadth of this word of all words? It is higher than our thoughts, deeper than mortal has ever fallen, as long as eternity, and broader than the love of the fondest mother that ever lived.

I do not believe that any other world recognizes the Son of God by that name except this one. This world, the smallest of the planets, that has wandered so far away from God, that has gone to the depth of sin, that is sending up into the ears of God such wails of sorrow, pain, anguish, terror, suffering and shrieks of death, that are staggering, blinded and duped by the devil to an awful eternal hell, to this world has been given this one word, **Jesus!** and whosoever believes and accepts this name shall be saved. Oh glory to God!

The power of this one word can frighten devils, forgive sins, sanctify believers, heal the sick, comfort the dying, give grace in trial, move the arm of God, cause locked doors to swing open, open prisons, close the mouths of lions, speak peace to the raging

sea and win the victory in every battle for God. Glory to his name!

The name of Jesus sounds sweeter, and fascinates the true sanctified heart more than any other word in the world. Home is a sweet word, and many loving, tender memories cling around the word to some; but how many there are in this world that hate the word home, because when they think of home, nothing but a little hell on earth greets their inward vision.

Mother and father are sweet words, but many a boy and girl never knew a mother's love, or a father's care. Jesus will be **all** to us we allow Him to be. He has never disappointed a single soul that put its trust in Him. He woos with such tender love, and holds with such constant affection, that His name grows sweeter as the days go by.

One day as husband was reading the morning lesson for family worship he came to that word, that magic word, Jesus! I had often heard that word before; I knew its power to forgive sins, and cleanse from all unrighteousness. It has often cheered me on my way to glory, but this morning as husband read that word, it fell on my ears with a thrill I never felt before and it sounded like the sweetest music I ever heard. I immediately burst into tears of joy and praise. All that day I kept saying over and over to myself as I went about my day's work, Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Oh, how it thrilled me through and through, and ever since that memorable day, the

name of Jesus is the sweetest of all music to me. Bless His precious name forever!

Why does this name so please and charm? Why does it hold such power in its embrace? Other men might have that name, and it would not have any more power than other names. Oh, here is the secret! It is the One behind the name. The One who was willing to manifest His love toward a lost world by giving His life for it. Let us keep our eyes on Him. He will lead us safely to His side, where we will not only have His name, but see Him face to face, for if His name can so comfort and cheer us, what will His real presence be?

Oh, the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our hearts with joy,
When His loving arms receive us
And His songs our tongues employ.

CHAPTER XV.

Loyal Hearts.

Oh how few the loyal hearts! While I write this, the tears are falling on the table on which I write, my heart is so burdened because there is so much that is all surface; when you get underneath things, there is nothing but self.

How it must grieve the father heart of God to have so many stand and say, "Saved and sanctified up-to-date" when the joy bells stopped ringing long ago, and that very person is doing things he knows to be wrong.

Like Gideon's band, again and again God must sift the chaff from the wheat, and how few the real kernels left? Even some holiness evangelists that we would think were the acme of honesty and purity are many times wolves in sheep's clothing! Seems to me it grieves God more to have one of His children backslide than if they had never repented. Oh, the great loving heart of God! How can anyone be disloyal is a mystery to me. Let us look into our own hearts. Has God full and complete control? Is He first in everything? Do we consult Him when we wish to buy a farm, move to another city, sell a horse, go into business, etc? Do we love Him with all our hearts, all our strength, all our might? More than father, mother, brother or sister? More than

houses and lands? Are we willing to go anywhere, be anything for Him? Do we live daily, hourly to His glory? Are we just as loyal to Him when no eye sees us but His, as we are when folks see us?

If God had one hundred hearts that could answer all these questions with a glad "yes" and "amen" united, it is impossible to say what they could not do. Oh let us be sure we are not living a double life; one thing when human eyes are on us, and something else when we think no one sees us. One thing we know of a surety, God always sees us, and people are not as blind to our wrongdoings as the devil would have us believe. Somehow the most covered up sin is sure to find ventilation, so let us be really, truly, ever and always loyal to God.

CHAPTER XVI.

Tame Holiness.

How nice it is! How careful of others' feelings! How it prides itself in being at peace with everybody, exciting no persecution, leaving the devil alone and consequently he leaves it alone.

Once a flame of fire with the heat and glow of the Holy Ghost, and the sharp, two-edged sword cutting and melting its way through walls of frozen sin, carnality, worldliness and formality, rescuing precious souls all frozen in, asleep in their carnal security, stirring all hell, and causing the devil to groan within himself as he wonders what he should try next to stop this avalanche of power from on high, which is causing such havoc in his kingdom.

He tries persecution, which hesends with all haste thick and fast, laughing in his hellish glee as he thinks that now he will gain his point.

But what is this? Higher and higher rises this holy flame sending warmth far and near, hungry, cold, starved souls eagerly grasping for the heavenly food and warmth, **for when the Holy Ghost has right of way, souls are always saved.** So the devil found that God took care of his little ones, and gave them additional grace, power and joy, causing them with more zeal and energy, to spread the gospel which is able to save to the uttermost. So he must try some other way.

This time he comes around with an argument on this order: "Don't be too hard on the poor sinner, use more love, more charity and win him by degrees."

Now to one who is unacquainted with the wiles of the evil one this would sound real plausible. Indeed he would begin to reason something like this: "Perhaps I am too hard on them, perhaps such and such an one might have been won had I pursued this course." Ah, how subtle the devil is! He comes now as an angel of light.

So this man who falls in with the devil's sentiments forgets that literal human love never reaches the sinner. It is perfect love, the love that comes from God "that makes his ministers a flame of fire" (Heb. 1:7), that causes them to use the two-edged sword with all its keenness (Heb. 4:12), that gives them holy boldness that will tell the sinner of his danger as Daniel, Nathan, Jesus, John the Baptist, Stephen and Paul and a host of others who caused sinners to tremble and kings to quake.

It is perfect love that causes men and women to leave comfortable homes, friends and native land to give the warning cry to those sitting in darkness, feeling the awful responsibility of preaching a full gospel and declaring the whole counsel of God.

May God open our eyes and help us see whether or not we are following the injunction given to Jeremiah, "See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms to root out, and to pull

down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build and to plant."

"Thou therefore gird up thy loins, and arise speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them."

God never can, or will, or does, build and plant upon the rubbish of the devil, unbelief, sin, worldliness, carnality, holiness fighting, all must be cleared away, and who is to do it?

The Holy Ghost does his share. Instead of smoothing over things and whitewashing hearts as black as night, he brings up their sins in such a mountain-like heap, so black and threatening, that they feel like the most wicked ones in all the world. He brings hell before them in such a vivid picture that they imagine they smell the very smoke and brimstone of the pit. He brings the awful judgments of God upon the impenitent sinner so clearly before him that in many cases he can neither eat nor sleep, but cries continually, "Lord have mercy on me," until God in his infinite love and mercy lifts the load and sets him free.

Shall we be more lenient than the Holy Ghost, who knows best how to deal with wayward ones? Shall we claim more wisdom than He?

Then look at the word of God. Shall we make it a blunt instrument, which only knocks off the edge of sin, or cuts off the top of the evil tree, when it should be a two-edged sword cutting out root and branch?

God's word says, "'Cry aloud, and spare not.'" "Woe to him that says peace, peace, when there is no peace!" "Contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints." Paul said he ceased not to warn them, night and day with strong crying and tears. Can we do better than he in another way?

Thus perfect love is willing to inflict wounds which lead to perfect cure, but human love would rather spare the present pain and let the soul be forever lost; rather than hurt their feelings, they would see them go unwarned to hell.

So the devil works on his human sympathy, gets him to lean on his own understanding, in that way getting his eyes off of Jesus, gradually but surely losing power by giving place to the devil, so that instead of words of warning for the sinner who is hastening to his doom, perhaps only a few days left in which to make his peace with God, he lets him slip through his fingers into hell.

Instead of urging and pleading with believers to go on to perfection and become wholly sanctified, where they are established, and can grow in grace, so they in turn can do their part in the salvation of souls from eternal burning, he holds from them what is their due, feeding them milk instead of meat, keeping them in a weak, baby condition easily captivated again by the evil one, still professing to be followers of Jesus, while their works and lives do not show holiness, thus bringing disgrace on the cause.

Here he has been misled by another of the devil's

lies. "You will scare them away if you preach sanctification."

The **truly justified** soul pants after holiness. He has had a taste of joy, but he wants fulness of joy; he has peace at times, but he wants the peace which passeth understanding, which flows like a river and never leaves; he has love, but he wants perfect love. Jesus comes to him again and again, but he wants Him to be an abiding member of his household, the full Controller of all his affairs, the Ruler upon the throne of his heart. Shall we deny these hungry souls for which Jesus died, the very thing he died to obtain for them? "Wherefore Jesus also that he might sanctify the people with his own blood suffered without the gate." (Heb. 13:12.)

Then there are others who are not taught that unless they have on the wedding garment of sanctification they are not ready to meet the heavenly Bridegroom when He comes. They realize that they would rather shun the topic, that instead of standing on tip-toe, longing and praying for Him to come, they would rather put it off to some future time, not knowing that only **unto those who look for him will he come the second time without sin unto salvation.** How necessary then it is for God's ministers to warn and urge them to their duty and privilege lest Jesus come and they are left behind to deride us for our negligence in declaring the whole counsel of God.

The holy church is the bride of Christ, and in Eph. 5:25 we read, "Even as Christ also loved the church

and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word: That he might present it to himself a glorious church not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

But the one who listens to the evil one fails to see the beauty in leading souls into full liberty. Ah, he is so blinded that, like a wrecked vessel on the sandy reef, cast aside as useless, the Holy Ghost has ceased to use him. Thus shorn of power, he is like an engine on the track, everything in order, but no steam, consequently only a blockade in another's way. Preaching a milk and water salvation, arousing no sinners, singing believers to sleep, throwing a cloak of safety over the backslider and hypocrite, having the form but denying the power, one of the lukewarm ones of which Jesus said, "I will spew them out of my mouth." This is tame holiness.

CHAPTER XVII.

Some Reasons Why We Cannot Go With the World.

The friendship of the world is enmity with God.
James 4:4.

We are going up, they down. We walk in the narrow path, they the broad. We love God, they the devil. We love holiness, they sin. We give all we can, they get all they can. We do not court praise of men, they seek it. We have mansions in heaven, they on earth. We eat manna, they husks. We drink the water of life, they drink whiskey. We weep for the lost, they kick them farther down. We set our affections on things above, they on the earth. We expect to live forever, they expect to die like a cow. We love our enemies, they hate their holiness friends. We love the Bible, they the newspaper. We love the prayer meeting, they the dance. We hate the dance, they hate the prayer meeting. We hate sin, they hate holiness. We love the light, they the dark. We love the saints, they hate the saints. We are going up stream, they down. We care for the soul, they for the body. We live by faith, they by sight. We feast the soul, they the stomach. We see great value in souls, they in fullblooded stock. We love to learn, they to teach. We are peaceful, they are quarrelsome. We let God fight for us, they fight for themselves. We love the heavenly quiet-

ness, they hellish noise. We expect to shine in heaven, they in this world. We covet the smile of God; they the smile of the world. We do not care for the last word, they do. We are sane, they are insane. We are sober-minded, they are intoxicated. We are safe, they in great danger. We weep for joy, they for sorrow. We see afar off, they are nearsighted. We are alive, they are dead in trespasses and sin. We wish to make our mark in Heaven, they in the world. We are eternity folks, they live only for time. We have peace passing all understanding, they have unrest, passing all understanding.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Spurious Religion.

There are many religions in the world. Paul said to the Greeks at Athens: "I perceive ye are very religious," R. V., and yet we know they were idolaters, and had anything but the true religion. But coming close home, in our own gospel enlightened country, how many poor, deluded souls are traveling the downward way, while all the time they try to make themselves believe they are on the right road.

Well, what is any religion for? In all ages, men believed in some after existence after death. They also realized their unfitness for such a place, and also their need of a counselor and guide in this life. Consequently they, not having been taught the true way, followed their own deluded imaginations, aided by Satan, setting up gods of wood and stone, thus expressing their idea of a religion; others worshiped the sun, moon and stars and such created beings as the cow, snake, etc., showing in every instance that nature teaches that there is a God who deserves our praise, wishes to counsel and guide us, and has prepared a place for the being after the parting of this life.

Now, while it seems there is manifested in every one a tendency to some religion, (and Satan is ever on hand with all sorts, so you can try on, as a gar-

ment, the one that fits you best and wear it for all he cares), why, in our enlightened country, are there not more who embrace the true religion? Ah, one reason is that instead of cutting down some religion to fit us, we must be cut down to fit the religion. Well quoted was the remark I heard a good sister make some time ago, "The armor of God will never fit the old carnal man; he is too big, and should he try to put it on, he would show through the cracks and Satan's arrows would surely find a lodgment."

In the next place there are so few who are willing to preach the true cutting down process. They know it hurts, and it is a most unpopular way, and they would rather make it a little easier for their flock; consequently thousands of souls sink into hell, not dreaming that to be their destination until they are there, and it is too late to make amends.

But how are we to know whether or not we have the true religion? If you should go to the orchard and see a tree covered with beautiful leaves, bearing a great harvest of fruit, free from bugs and vermin, you would say, "That tree is all right. It is not only in a grand condition now, but is **growing**." Then you look at another tree, half of the leaves are dried and falling off, the other half are wilting, there is no fruit and the trunk is covered with vermin. That tree is backsliding. Once it was green and flourishing as the abundance of leaves show, but now it is casting off its leaves and we all know the end of that tree is death. Are you a growing Christian?

There is no backslider's heaven. The road to heaven is onward and upward; backsliders go backward and downward, which leads to eternal doom. Many, when you ask them, "Are you saved?" will answer, "I was converted at such and such a time," or "I hope so; I think I am."

Oh, why will people stop short of a "know so" salvation? Why will they trifle with the greatest question of their lives? Oh, how they will reproach themselves at the last day! How little and mean will the opinions of men, the applause of the world, the wishes of their friends seem to them then! Now they seem like impassable mountains, magnified by the devil; then they will seem as vapor which has passed away, and left them to their doom. It matters not **when** you were converted. Are you justified before God now? Have you been walking in all the light God gave you? Remember, to use the light you have will open a channel for more, but to reject light is to shut off the current already on.

If you are still justified, if you love God, and love his word, love to talk of heavenly things, love to commune with God, hate sin and shrink from evil, praying daily to be guided along the **true** way to glory, you are nearing your Kadesh-Barnea. Remember that is a station along your route. You can not step over it, you cannot go around it, it means either forward or backward. Ah, dear one, have you ever reached your Kadesh-Barnea? Did you enter into the land there and possess it, or did you turn

back into the wilderness? Brother Knapp in his book, "Out of Egypt Into Canaan," says, "The Sinai Wilderness must not be confounded with the Desert Wilderness." The Sinai Wilderness is the justified experience, the beginning the Red Sea, the ending Canaan land, and can **only** be traveled as long as you do not reach Kadesh-Barnea, which, spiritually, you reach as soon as sanctification is preached, and made clear to you, for it is your duty to look into the matter and pray for light, but if you reject the light and do not care to look into it, you turn from your Kadesh-Barnea into the Desert Wilderness, or backsliders' wilderness, which we have said before leads backward and downward thence to hell, unless you repent, do the first works, and then are willing to pass over your Jordan into Canaan.

Brother Reese says, "If you are not right with God, and you attempt to pray for the Lord's coming, the prayer will choke you."

Oh, dear one, examine yourself whether or not you are in the faith, for every day that passes over your head, and it is not attended to, will rise up in the judgment day and condemn you.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Additions in Sanctification.

Of course, it is grand to have an experience of one's own, whereto sanctification has been added power, the Holy Ghost, who is the Comforter, heart purity and all the fruits of the Spirit which are peace, joy, love, patience, long-suffering and last, but not least, a determination to go through with Jesus no matter what the cost. But all this is only personal experience and not accepted only on a scriptural basis. So I will try and see if the good book does not bear me out in my own experience.

In the first place as I write a great reverence and awe comes into my heart as I think of how careful, how jealous, yea, how exacting God is with this glorious boon to mankind. Just let a man, all aglow with the love of God, clean hands and a pure heart filled with the blessed Holy Ghost, who could preach, "holiness or hell," with such power that saints had to stretch themselves in order to measure up, and got to shouting over the glorious privileges and possibilities of the blessed land which they possess, just let such an one compromise a little (it doesn't take much), and see him cool down on the subject of sanctification, his messages won't be those delicious loaves fresh from Father's hands; his words, once dripping with unction, are now dry and raspy, and,

finally all he can preach is repentance, restitution, confession and hell to the sinner, and the little lambs (converted ones) must starve, and the sheep (sanctified ones) seek other pasture.

So dear reader, whenever you find yourself belittling the glorious experience of sanctification, letting down the reins, be careful, for God is getting ready to give your commission to another, even if he has to reach down in the slums and pick up one of the lowest, save and sanctify him, and set him agoing for him. Oh, glory to God for the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to the saints!

It is a strange fact that no matter how much one studies the subject of sanctification, he cannot understand it until he himself receives the blessing. God will not entrust a man with the Holy Ghost until he has died out so completely to himself that he will only be an instrument in the hands of the Holy Ghost to be used at his own good pleasure, and if he compromises (for he is still a free moral agent, God has no machines), the Holy Ghost soon vacates and seeks another who is dead enough to be used for God's glory and not his own.

Justification is a grand work, embracing pardon, regeneration, or being born from above, peace with God, which of course brings joy in a measure, confidence and trust, but whatever a merely justified person attempts to do there is mixed up in it God and self, Gal. 5:17. He would like to serve God with

a whole heart, but he finds another one who also claims to be master of the situation, which is self, and between the two there is continual war, and one or the other is sure to win. If self is handed over to God for crucifixion, Gal. 5:24, God will have full control, but if self is allowed to live, it won't be long until all spiritual life is dead although the person may still go on professing.

Yes, conversion makes a friend out of a rebel, a child out of an alien, it brings the dead in trespasses and sin to life, and for a while gives the person power over sin, but in the tests which must come sooner or later they will fall unless they go through to sanctification and get rid of the old enemy in the camp, the self life or carnal mind which, as I heard a brother say recently, always has feelers out to see if some one isn't talking about it, or what people are thinking about it. You know carnality thinks itself so important that it imagines that people are always talking about it, and if they do talk about it, then it is hurt, and if they don't talk about it then it is hurt. It is that thing that is always getting mad, is peevish, cross, and always wants the best of everything, hates to take the lowest seat, and is anything but humble, and when it wants to be the most humble is sure to be proud over its own humility. Oh, how glad I am that God made a way for its crucifixion, and how glad I am I was willing to have it crucified! Gal. 2:20; Rom. 6:6. The Bible says that the carnal mind is enmity with God and is not subject

to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be, and yet there are men who preach we must keep it down, and that we must carry it to our graves! God help them before it is too late to have it crucified and not have it carry them to hell. Rom. 6:21. That is why justification hasn't perfect peace, and joy and all these other good things that are added in sanctification, and that is why no one must stop at justification but go straight through to the glorious freedom, liberty, power and blessing of sanctification, which is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost as He comes, purifies and fills. If He didn't fill as fast as He cleanses there would be evil spirits ready to enter and mar the work, but God takes care of that and fills as He cleanses, and makes room for Himself.

There is a doctrine abroad in our land that all there is to get, one gets in justification, that sanctification simply takes away that, that would hinder one living a fully justified life, but wherever I have come across such people that advocate this doctrine, they have been compromisers, and not having the full approval of God upon them, they are blinded by the evil one and their spiritual eyesight crippled, therefore, making them less useful as soul winners or rightly dividing the word of truth.

Now if we can prove that the Holy Ghost is given only in sanctification, then the doctrine of which we have just spoken will speak its own destruction. Jesus said unless a grain of wheat fall in the ground and die, it abideth alone. Sinners are tares and not

wheat. They must be changed into wheat by divine power (conversion) and then, when they fall into the ground and die (sanctification), they will then only bear fruit, which remains. Conversion is the seed, sanctification is the blade, then the stalk, then the full ear on the stalk, showing how we can grow in grace when we are once in grace. Another illustration is, conversion is the foundation, and sanctification is the grand structure built thereon. Of course, without the foundation the house could not be built, but on the other hand the foundation does no one any good until a house is on it.

The disciples, we know, were converted before Pentecost because Jesus said their names were written in heaven, Luke 10:20, and He told them they were chosen out of the world, and for that reason the world hated them, John 15:19, but we find that they were not yet in possession of the Holy Ghost, for we read in John 14:16, 17, "And I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

"Even the Spirit of Truth; **whom the world cannot receive** because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him."

Acts 2:38: Then Peter said unto them, repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

"For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Thus we see the gift of the blessed Holy Ghost is for every one who has repented of his sins, who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, and if we receive Him in sanctification, then I think we have a great deal added to us in sanctification, for when we have the Blesser in our hearts we have all the blessings. Glory to his precious name.

“Since the Comforter has come
Heaven has begun with me,
I am satisfied and free,
Since the Comforter has come.”

Dear reader, are you satisfied and free? Is there a hungering and thirsting after righteousness in your soul? God can give you a satisfying portion. Glory to his name. He will lead you into green pastures, beside the still waters, and your meat will be manna from heaven, and honey out of the rock. The rock of the Most High will be your hiding place and you will abide under the shadow of His wings.

Oh, I am so glad I opened my heart for the indwelling of the blessed Holy Ghost. Today I am fully abandoned to His will and He leads me into all truth, floods my soul with glory indescribable, and keeps me running up the shining way, and I know some day, if I keep low at His feet He will bring me safely within the pearly gates, there to praise Him forever and ever.

CHAPTER XX.

Pride.

“God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.” Jas. 4:6.

What an abominable thing pride is; and yet every unsaved person is guilty of it in one form or another. The justified feel its uprisings; and the sanctified must watch and pray continually lest it creep in un-awares.

The poor as well as the rich are afflicted with this disease. I remember of a very poor family that lived quite close to us, whose children went to school quite thinly clad. Other children taking pity on them, told their parents about it, and they fixed up quite a large bundle of good, warm clothing. What was their surprise, when they found the bundle returned with the proud message, “We are able to take care of our own kids.”

Such is human nature. Rather would we suffer the pangs of hunger, and endure the biting cold, than to be objects of charity, when we are, all of us rich and poor, the greatest objects of charity this world is burdened with. The animals can get along with a great deal less than we can, but what would all of us do if God withheld the rain, the sunshine, and countless blessings which He so freely showers down upon us, and which we could not get along without?

How foolish the people of this world must appear to the angels, who behold the greatness and goodness of God, to see how the people of this world reject God, how they hold up their heads in proud defiance and arrogance, how utterly they ignore His goodness, and even do all in their power to destroy what little faith others have in Him! No wonder before God can deal with a soul, many times He must break the iron will and proud spirit, and melt the frozen heart by repeated failures, losses, disasters, on every hand until, humiliated again and again, they finally throw down all their pride, throw up their hands, and surrender to God.

If human pride is bad, spiritual pride is worse. If we are dependent on God in temporal things, we are more so in spiritual things, and to take the least glory to ourselves is the greatest of pride and the lowest of thieving. I used to hear of a woman in a certain town who used to get up in prayer meeting and bemoan her weakness in faith. A kind old brother, who knew the remedy for spiritual weakness, spoke to her one evening after service, and told her he knew how she might become strong if she wished. She turned on him quite furiously and said, "Who told you I was weak?" She had taken that form of testimony only as a cloak of humility, and when the cloak was lifted, pride was there just the same.

It is pride that keeps many out of the kingdom. They know they must confess and straighten up their past lives, but being too proud to do this, they would

rather go to hell and suffer eternal damnation than bear a little reproach here.

It is pride that keeps many a young convert from testifying and praying in public. They are afraid they will make a mistake and cause people to laugh at them, when if they were in the school room, they could recite a long lesson with perfect composure and never think it strange even if they made some mistakes.

Even some of our best evangelists are not entirely free from this awful malady. If they can't lead, they won't do anything at all. They scorn small compensations, and small towns are beneath their dignity. Ah, it is the very poison of hell! Somehow the very air we breathe, spiritually speaking, is saturated with it. It clamors for a place at every turn, and nothing escapes its notice.

The thief prides himself on his accumulated booty and his successful escapes from the officers. The president of the Ladies' Aid prides herself on baking the greatest number of cakes the past year for the different socials and church fandangos, never failing to watch for an opportunity to tell it, although the ministers had already aired it well.

What a relief it will be when we get to Heaven, never again to meet this wily foe in others, or trying to enter our own hearts! What a glorious privilege to praise and adore Him whom our soul loveth forever and ever, without a shadow or tinge of pride lurking near! Does Jesus always, everywhere, all the time get all the glory?

CHAPTER XXI.

Humility.

“Be clothed with humility.” I. Peter 5:5.

What a wonderful garment! It must cover head, feet and all; and the heart, soul, tongue and mind must also be included. Some have tried to clothe the body in humble attire, but they forgot their minds and tongues, because they had vain thoughts, and it cropped out of their conversation, polluting the heart and soul. Then there are others who claim to be sanctified, who claim to be humble in heart and soul, but they still adorn their bodies with gold and costly array.

How beautiful to see a man or woman really clothed in humility! There is no uneasiness in their manner. They are not anxious to show off, to be considered witty and smart; they expect no favors, are satisfied with everything, do not fight for their rights, are not on display. They show their interest in another's advancement, study to please others, are not always getting their feelings hurt, and give due respect to the feelings of others.

Their bodily adornment is strictly within their means; never loud or such that would attract attention, either for elegance or absolute plainness. They never wear gold, and they pray more than they pour

over fashion plates, and read God's word more than they spend time before the looking glass. However, there is still a deeper humility than that, the sense of utter helplessness and utter dependence on God. There is nothing that so humiliates the proud as to be suddenly made dependent on some one else. The ambition of every worldly-minded person is to be independent in money, health, etc., and so the most humble child of God, is the one who feels most keenly his utter dependence on Him, who sees his own unworthiness, and realizes his utter inability to accomplish anything by his own strength. Such an one will always everywhere give all the glory to God and never feel he is slighted or overlooked, but be thankful for the smallest blessing and thank God that he is permitted even a small corner in His vineyard. As God continues to use and bless him he still remembers that Jesus said, "Without me ye can do nothing," and instead of depending on his success and reputation, he still lives much in his secret closet, alone with Jesus, realizing with success comes danger, and walks more softly than ever, and listens still closer to hear the Master's voice, and leans harder than ever on that strong arm that never fails. Glory to God!

CHAPTER XXII.

Grace.

What is grace? It is something without which we could never reach Heaven. It is something manufactured in Heaven, and must be obtained directly from there, for heaven controls the entire output. There are different sizes and qualities of goods, but they always fit and always last as long as needed. It is manufactured from a strange mixture of courage, patience, love, determination and suffering. It will fit any case, and there is an inexhaustible supply. Glory to God! For He is able to make all grace abound toward you. Hallelujah!

It takes grace to love the unlovely. Before we were saved we jeered at the poor drunken object zigzagging his way down the street. When we met a poor fallen girl we gathered our skirts about us, and crossed to the other side of the street. The beggar was turned unmercifully from our door, and the little ragged newsboy was passed unnoticed. But what a change when the real love of God is shed abroad in our hearts! How we love to help the helpless, no matter how uncouth the exterior may be! Bro. Reese tells of a couple of his missionaries going to an upper room in an attic one dismal cold night, and watching beside the deathbed of a poor, wretched, fallen girl. The bed was a mass of filth, the room

presented an appearance of the most abject poverty, and the huge rats ran to and fro everywhere, over the bed and knocking over the medicine bottles. Yet those girls filled with the love of God had an abundance of that grace that gave them courage, love, and determination that dreadful night. What wonderful grace those rescue workers must have that go into the deepest hell holes in search of precious souls! God bless them a hundred fold! Then the matrons of our rescue homes and orphanages. How they need grace in the daily perplexities that comfort such a life! Some girls and children come who are addicted to stealing and telling lies, yet they must be loved and led to Jesus who never turns one away no matter how filthy the soul or body may be, bless His precious holy name forever! Oh, I love Him with all my heart this morning!

Then it takes grace to stay where one is misunderstood, misrepresented, unloved and not wanted. Those who have read Madame Guyon's life can appreciate what she went through during her Christian experience, but glory to God, it only made her sweeter and more lovely in spirit, and when God called her home she enjoyed the peace and joy of heaven in a much greater degree than she ever could have, had she not had such a hard time here below.

The martyrs of the early days had wonderful grace. They were able to sing songs of praise and victory when burned at the stake, or thrown to the wild beasts. It is told of one man that was put up-

on the rack, that after they had tortured him so long, they became weary and took him off. He turned to them and said, "Oh, what did you do that for? All the time I was on the rack an angel stood by my side and wiped the perspiration from my face!"

Then we need grace to raise our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Indeed, here is where much grace is consumed, but thank God, it never runs dry. With all their little puzzling trials and difficulties, mothers must have grace; and when the first sign of anger shows itself, or the first falsehood is told, it takes grace to give the first punishment. But it must be done. One lady said to another, "I thought sanctified folks didn't whip their children." The other lady replied, "Before I was sanctified I didn't, but now I do." Yes, thank God, we can whip our children when they need it, with love in our souls, not the least bit angry, but determined that they must be conquered and controlled.

Space would fail to tell of all of the places where grace is needed. There is scarcely an hour passes in the day but what real grace is necessary; when the meat is burned, the dinner late, some one fails to keep a promise, the wash line breaks, or sickness comes. But in every walk of life, the true child of God knows where to get an abundance of grace.

Grace is a wonderful thing. Some folks think they have grace, when by their own strong will and determination, grit their teeth and bear it. That is not real grace. Just now, I with my little ones, are

under strict quarantine; can go out and see no one and no one can come into the house to see me. A kind sister brings the mail; I have a telephone in the house, a little boy is hired to bring the milk, so all my needs are supplied. Husband is away holding meetings, and has been gone nearly two weeks. Before I was sanctified if I had been in like circumstances, I would have chafed under my imprisonment, and would have thought it my husband's place to be at home with his family. But glory to Jesus! He keeps me in perfect peace. Nothing gives me more joy than to know that it is possible for husband to be out in the work of the Lord. There is no chafing, the edge of the restraints are taken off, and I haven't even the least desire to go out, do not even realize my confinement. That is real grace. Praise the Lord! And it is possible in every trial of life; even when we stand around the death bed of our loved ones. Glory to God!

Blood to wash my every sin away,
Power to keep me sinless day by day,
Grace to keep me sweetly all the way.
For me, for me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rest.

Rest! Can anyone define this word? Only four letters, but how much they embrace! Rest is something to which this world is a stranger as far as bodily rest is concerned, and that is something every one is seeking for. The tired farmer, weary bookkeeper, almost distracted clerk, faint mother, over-worked factory girl, all retire at night with the one hope, rest. But do they rest? Just that day the farmer's best horse died, and try as he will he can not sleep; the bookkeeper has a violent headache, and of course can't rest; the clerk is so over-tired when he does sleep, that it is a troubled slumber; the faint mother arises ever and anon to see if this little one is covered, if there is too much draft from the window, or what Rover is barking so loudly about; the over-worked factory girl perhaps sleeps quicker than all the rest, but when she is sleeping best the alarm clock rings and she must arise and go to work.

The office girl has worked hard all winter, now she is off for a rest; she says, it is her mind that needs rest more than her body, so she goes to a summer resort where there is bathing, boating, etc. She is fairly settled when a telegram announces, "Mother is ill, come home." Another girl who has worked

in the laundry for two years without a lay off says she needs a rest, and goes to the mountains, where everything is quiet. The first day she takes a book out to the hammock under the trees, expecting a lovely time all to herself, when suddenly one of those terrific, sudden mountain storms break over her head and she must retire to the house in a hurry. Perhaps you think I am painting the dark side of this picture, but I have only mentioned everyday occurrences. Just look around and see the unhappy faces, the restless masses that go to and fro, even the restlessness of animals and nature and you must agree that rest is foreign to this world. Real rest must be a season of undisturbed quiet from fears, burdens, hurry, worry, pain, sorrow, and which, when realized, must be free from the very thought of any of these disturbing elements returning.

Death, if entered into the same as things without an immortal soul, an utterly unconscious state, would be the only rest this world would ever find. How many, blinded by the devil and goaded on by his merciless lash, have sought refuge and rest in death. But alas! alas! what a delusion! What they expected would be rest was ten million times worse than any lack of rest they ever found in this world. Rest for the soul is even harder to find than rest for the body, if one looks for it in this world. It has absolutely no rest at all to offer for the soul. When I was a girl I often wondered if there was not some lonely island, or some particular spot where death

never came; and when I had to acknowledge there was none, but that death was on everybody's track, and whether one was ready or not we all had to die some time, it made me tremble and resolve to be ready when death came.

While there is no rest for the body in this world, and no rest for the soul in this world, yet thank God there is real rest for the soul in Jesus. Oh, the luxury of being dead to the world with all its cares, strifes, disappointments, worryings and frettings, and being alive unto God! Yet this is possible. Glory to Jesus! Jesus would never have said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," if rest could have been found anywhere else, but He knew there was only one way to bring rest to this sin-tossed world, and He gave His life to make that way. Bless His name forever!

When the sinner finds himself a lost soul, on a bee-line for hell, and comes to God penitent, seeking salvation, God forgives all his sins and takes away all the guilt and condemnation, and the newly-born soul realizes a rest it never had before. But it isn't long until he finds out that that rest is disturbed again and again by unbidden passions arising in his soul. Sometimes he can suppress and keep them down by much prayer and reading God's word; but many times it gets the better of him and he must repent and get back to God. How glad such an one is when he finds there is complete deliverance

for him in the Blood! He goes again to Jesus, consecrates his all to God, and by faith in the Blood to cleanse out this dark something in his soul, looks up to Jesus, who sanctifies him wholly. Now he has perfect rest. Jesus is his all in all; and because Jesus is never hurried, is never fretting, is always on time, never disappoints, he is always in perfect peace because his eyes are on Jesus. You watch the little baby on mother's lap. As long as mother is calm and peaceful, baby is too, but as soon as mother sees danger, or weeps or seems worried, baby also begins to cry and fret. If the house burns down we know we have one eternal in the heavens; if crops fail, we know God is still on the throne; if friends forsake us, we have a Friend that surpasses all other friends; if bereavement comes, Jesus completely fills the vacancy, so no matter what cross, what calamity, what sorrow may beat against the soul, it cannot disturb that wonderful rest deep down in the soul, providing that soul is staid on God.

When this life is over and our weary bodies are laid to rest, our rest will be complete in heaven. No tormenting fears that when we have spent one day or a month, or a year there, that we will have to go back to toil, burdens and fatigue; but our rest will be so complete that not a thought of sorrow will disturb its tranquility. Let us by all means enter into the rest of the people of God here below, and when life's journey is over and all our battles fought, lay our armor down and rest from our labors evermore.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Patience.

There is so much need in this world of patience. The clerk needs patience when a customer comes in, and after showing him every piece of goods on the shelf, walks out without buying anything. The farmer needs patience when his horses have broken down the gate and are away off in the other end of the pasture, when he is already a half-hour late getting started to plow. The mother needs patience when the clothes line breaks and a lot of clean clothes must be washed over again. Father needs patience when dinner is late, and John forgot to get the mail. Jessie needs patience when she can't find her school books and the bell is ringing. The preacher needs patience when his flock fails to follow all his precepts, and his preaching seems to fall on stony ground. The teacher needs patience when her pupils are seemingly dull, and the room is full of smoke.

Patience is sister to long-suffering, a cousin to gentleness, humility, kindness, and love. They usually work together; for where you find one you will find the other. Some folks have a patient nature, and nothing seems to ruffle them; they take everything in a free and easy way, and do not manifest a great degree of anger or resentment. However, such people are usually slow in their actions, very deliberate in their dealings and never in a flurry.

Then there are others who are patient to a fault with some loved one, while very impatient with others. They can't see any fault in their own children and have unbounded patience with their petty peevishness and noise, whereas they would be very loud in their denunciation of such actions in other children. How many mothers will peel all the potatoes so that daughter's beautiful white hands will not get stained! How many mothers will patiently wear old-fashioned, threadbare clothes in order to see their daughters dressed in the height of fashion. She will patiently make the fire, get breakfast and let it stand an hour or two until Jennie finally decides to get up, and then instead of being a help to the already wornout mother, asks her to be sure and have that white dress ironed by 2 o'clock! A martyr to patience, without any reward! Such is unlimited devotion to her idol, who may some day trample on her heartstrings, and bring her with gray hairs and sorrow to the grave.

Another kind of patience is exercised when a person has a certain end in view and is determined to succeed. What unlimited patience Edison must have had before he perfected many of his wonderful inventions in electricity! How many lonely hours he spent shut in from everybody; how many, many times he would have something almost completed when a wrong move, or unwise turn would shatter all his hard work of months in a moment! But this patience expects a reward; it is made up of deter-

mination to succeed, has too much pride to fail, and is praiseworthy in that it tries again and again, often against hope, and usually succeeds.

What does all this patience amount to, compared with the patience born from above in the sanctified heart! Persecuted, reviled, misunderstood, misrepresented, unwelcome, unsought, yet in return gives blessing, love, forbearance, long-suffering, prayers and well wishes. It has been tried at the stake, in the arena, on the rack, in prison, on the scaffold, and always proved to be the genuine article. It has been tested on wash day, baking day, scrub day, at thrashing time, in the sick room, on cloudy days, in sorrow, trouble, adversity, losses, and crosses, and came out richer in quality and much increased in quantity.

It has stood the test in long, weary years of almost fruitless labor in some hot, sultry clime among the heathen. The missionary did not complain when the food was coarse and dry and letters from the homeland were few and far between; he was at his best when the hand of affliction was laid heavy on his body and there was no one but the natives to minister to his needs. Not a thought of reproach or complaint, but as he nears the end and knows he will soon be home, praises God for the privilege he had of working in His vineyard, and with an earnest appeal to stand true to the few faithful ones left behind, with a glad shout he crosses over into that land where patience will be lost in love and praise. Glory to God!

CHAPTER XXV.

Love.

There are two kinds of love; the human and the divine. Each of these may be separated into two classes.

I once heard of a certain fine young man who married a very nice girl. They loved each other dearly. She, always ready to caress him and greet him with a smile of welcome, was lavish in her outward manifestations of her affection. But alas! That was as far as it went. When he would come home from his office for dinner, there was no meal in sight, and he had to repair to the restaurant for something to eat. She failed to keep the house tidy, and there were no little comforts provided for him to make the home attractive and pleasant. After bearing patiently with her for several years trying to reform her, and finding it a hopeless task, he was forced to leave her, much to his own regret.

We have all seen the other extreme, a woman with a decidedly matter-of-fact way of looking at things. She had no use for sentimentality. Something substantial, or nothing at all, was her motto. Her house is like a pin. Meals always on time and cooked to perfection. When necessary, could go out in the field, help stack hay, shock wheat, or even plow, as the case might be. Scorned to ask her husband to bring in a bucket of water, or coal, and always built

her own fires. Long ago John had tried to show his appreciation of her fine qualities, by taking her in his strong arms in loving embrace, and covering her face with kisses, but she always expressed her utter disgust at such proceedings, failing to respond in the least. At last he gives up that department of domestic affection, and contents himself with a servant for a wife.

How many times we see this corroborated in the spiritual life. Mary and Martha were true illustrations of this. There are many Martha's in the Lord's service. They have no time for the secret closet; to shed tears over the lost is too weak for them. They believe in matters of fact. Nothing is worth doing that does not take physical strength and labor. Sitting up until twelve at night to make shirts for a lot of children in the orphanage close by, or washing dishes after a social until midnight are things worth considering. They do not care to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him; they never tell Him how much they love Him; that doesn't amount to anything. But how He longs to gather them up in His arms, and pour into their lives of hurry and worry His own peace and joy! What a new vision they would have of real service for Him!

Then there are some Marys too. Those that do nothing else but long to go to heaven, always weep when the preacher talks about the home over there; always ready to tell what a wonderful Saviour they have found, and how they could not live without

Him; but they fail to do anything for Him. They pray, "Oh Lord, supply the needs of the missionaries, and send the gospel to the heathen," when they have the means in their own pockets to support a dozen missionaries and help answer their own prayers.

I do not wish to judge the Mary we read about in Scripture, but there are some Marys I know about, that if there were no Martha's to get supper for Jesus, He would certainly starve. When we look around and see so many professing to love Jesus, and so little done in the way of real practical work, we must conclude there are more Marys than Marthas.

Thank God there are a few in whom these two extremes are beautifully blended. There are some homes where the kind word, the loving embrace, the little, loving attentions are the woof, and where loving, thoughtful, faithful service is the warp of the domestic life, to the great satisfaction and comfort of all the inmates of that home and all that may come under its beautiful influence.

So it is with a well rounded out Christian experience. Jesus needs our service, but he longs most of all for our whole heart's affection. He is jealous for our adoration and praise. He loves to fold us closely to His bosom. He wants us to feel our dependence on Him alone. It is his delight when we confide in Him, and bring Him all our perplexities. When we do this, be sure the other part will not suffer, but in loving obedience we will faithfully serve Him in the full sense of the word.

CHAPTER XXVI.

An Ideal Home.

There are a few ideal homes in this world. Just as surely as there are homes in this world that are minature hells, so there are homes that are tiny heavens.

First of all, Jesus is always the head of the house in an ideal home. He sits at the head of the table, is the subject of most of the conversation, is always consulted in any matters under consideration, is honored and revered. Consequently, His divine presence pervades the house; His love permeates the atmosphere; His peace broods over all.

This home is a benediction to the saint, and a source of conviction to the sinner. Many a way-worn traveler finds comfort and shelter under its hospitable roof. A tramp is never turned away, but with a warm meal spread before him he is also reminded that he has a soul to save, and while the food for his body is dished out to him, a good supply of spiritual food is also provided; and he goes away warmed and fed, and with a warmer place in his heart for the One who died to save him.

What shall I say of the husband and father of this home? The one who bears the financial burden? Whose broad shoulders and brawny hands must bend and provide bread and fuel and a home with all its comforts for the ones he loves more than life?

Ah, the big, loving hearts of some of our noble home builders! How fiercely sometimes do the winds of adversity blow! How their faith is sometimes tried to the uttermost! But with unbounded trust in God, a determination to go through with Him, with a deep longing to be at their best for God, they plow through, always cheerful, always hopeful, always helpful. They don't lie in 'bed and let wife make the morning fires; they don't take full possession of the only rocker in the house; they don't fume around and complain if the beefsteak is burned; they don't keep all the flowers until the mother of their children lies cold and stiff in her coffin; they are not ashamed to show her their affection, and feel it no descent from their high place of distinction as head of the family to wait on her, and show her those little attentions that only a true, good husband knows how to bestow. He grants, if possible, her every wish and respects her preferences as though they were his own. He would rather be in her company than any other, be it men or women, and spends as much time at her side as his work for the Master and other occupations will allow. He revels in no secret that she dare not know; always fully confides in her and holds her confidence as a priceless treasure, and when she advises contrary to his plans, he carefully considers both sides, and either confirms his faith in her opinion, or converts her to his own. He is careful that she is clothed as well or better than himself; lightens her labors as much as possible;

never allows the children to dishonor or undervalue their mother, and always teaches them that mother must be first in everything and her wishes always considered. He never allows her strength to be overtaken.

Here comes the wife and mother. There is a softness in the lines of her face, a tender light in her eye, a bearing at once humble and dignified that no one else possesses just like her. She has been polished and refined by the continual round of duties, trials and burdens, and the constant demands made upon her patience, love and forbearance has enriched the deposit until one loves to be in her presence. Her children rise up and call her blessed. She has learned the lesson so thoroughly to always trust in God that she never worries or frets, is never over-anxious. All husband's petting has not spoiled her, but she takes her place faithfully and never shirks. Even when hardly able, she insists on performing her household duties, and never gives up until she can go no more. She loves to cook those things her husband relishes, even if her own taste is decidedly contrary; she strives to please him as much as possible; honors him as the head of the family, and if differences arise, is not careful to speak the last word; does not cross his wishes, even when it means the sacrifice of her own; knows no gossip; never betrays her husband's confidence; always keeps her word; is not afraid to correct her children when necessary, and after they have learned to obey

and respect her, she strives to gain their confidence and unbounded love; is ready to share their joys and sorrows, and early teaches them to take their little troubles to Jesus, and when they are older they will still cling to this plan. She is not wasteful, but duly appreciates the fact that the means with which she obtains all these things, were earned by the hard work of the one she loves; honors and loves him as the only one entitled to her love and affection, and is always ready with her sympathy and cheerfulness to help him in every trying circumstance; is concerned for his comfort, and makes the home as attractive as possible.

Where ideal parents exist, there are usually ideal children. Their first falsehood received due attention; they learned it was better to control their temper than lie on the floor and kick with all their might; they were not allowed to answer back and never dared to argue the question. When company was present, they were taught to be quiet, seen and not heard, were not allowed to stand around the table set for a meal and finger the dishes and food. They were taught to obey at the first command, this taking a long time, with much patience and determination; learn early to wait on themselves, wash their hands and face before coming to the table, and as soon as possible were given small tasks to perform, such as carrying in wood and coal, wiping dishes, ironing handkerchiefs and towels, sweeping the side walks, etc. They were taught to divide

among each other, and to give up one to the other; never allowed to destroy one another's playthings, and to respect one another's wishes and preferences; never to fight, strike or bite, or use bad words of any kind; and instead of repeating some little verse for a prayer that they rattle off by heart with their minds everywhere else but on God, they are taught to pray to Him out of their own hearts as they are able, even if it is only a few words at first, however, they soon learn to pray intelligently and mean what they say, and before long, if good religious books that are interesting are put into their hands, they will feel their need of being saved and sanctified. These children respect their elders.

Out of such a home will go preachers, missionaries, loyal young men and women, that make good citizens and fine Christians. The neighbors will be sorry to see them move to another location, and the town will lose an influence for good that is hard to replace. The husband will be known as a man of his word; and business men of all kinds will have unbounded confidence in him. The wife will be known by her deeds of love and mercy, to the poor and sick; and her presence be a blessing in church and prayer service. The children will be so polite and considerate of other's wishes and feelings that they will be taken into the society of the most refined and cultured of the town, who never think of dancing, playing cards, attending theatres, or doing anything wrong or beneath their standard.

Such a home is only gained and maintained by wholly consecrated lives, where jealousy, pride, anger, envy, intemperance, hate and selfishness have all been eliminated, and where perfect love, humility, long-suffering, patience, kindness, meekness and temperance have taken their place.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Change of Scenery.

Some people get into a rut in their Christian experiences, and go through the old treadmill round the whole year through. Their prayers are gone through with a clock-like regularity, always the same length and monotone; they have made the same requests for years, and they would be very much surprised if they were answered. In prayer meeting they always sit in the same old seat, and their testimony is known by heart by everyone in the class. An unusually stirring revival will cause them to rub their eyes and wake them up a little, so they may even say "Amen" occasionally, and a little more praise is mixed in their prayers and testimonies on account of God manifesting his presence in the revival, for which they prayed so long and in which they had so much faith.

But after a few weeks they are asleep again. After family worship, spiritual things are never mentioned again, as though God were a heathen idol to be forgotten after worship. When they wish to move to another city they never think of consulting God about such a trifling matter as that, their only consideration is the money proposition, the climate, etc. Even a Methodist minister who was staying at our home said family worship was only necessary

once or twice a day, when we told him we sometimes prayed five times a day. This same man said in a sermon before his congregation, that he would rather shake hands with a saloon keeper than with the holiness people. I am afraid he will have to learn to shake hands with them here, if he ever expects to shake hands at all in heaven.

How different is the life of a truly sanctified soul! They are truly on a journey, and the scenery is ever varying. Today they are climbing the steep mountain side of difficulty; tomorrow they will bask in the sunshine of the mountain top of faith. This week their testimony is a ringing witness of God's power to save, sanctify and keep; next week they have been tried and tested, and came through more than conquerors. Glory to God! This week the devil comes with new plans, all laid out carefully for their destruction; they feel the enemy's breath right in their faces; the heavens seem like brass, and even God seems to have hidden His face! One calamity upon another comes; they are pressed from every side; it seems to them they are in a vice and they can feel the pressure tightening every day! It is one of those prolonged seasons of testing when their patience, love, faith, long-suffering, hope and trust are tried to the utmost. It is that part of the journey which lies along narrow ledges, across deep chasms. The sky is overshadowed by heavy clouds, the lightning flashes and discloses dangerous pitfalls. There is no place to lie down and rest; to go back would

mean death, nothing to do but go forward, trusting the Guide who can not be seen, but heard ever and anon saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

But glory to Jesus! Just when the last bit of strength seems gone, the last ray of hope is fading away, Jesus steps in! Lo! In a moment the clouds are gone, the sun shines, the birds sing! There is once more a sure footing beneath our feet, the trees and flowers are lining our pathway, and we go on rejoicing with songs of joy on our lips!

All that week it seems so easy to believe. We feel the presence of Jesus so real, precious and abiding. Our hearts are continually overflowing with praise. It seems like heaven below our Jesus to know. Our prayers seem to take hold of God with a mighty grip, faith grows and expands, nothing seems too hard to undertake for God. Testimonies are in the spirit, everything seems to go with a swing of victory.

Then, here comes another turn in the road, disclosing scenery we never saw before. The road seems to be so entirely new, we question whether we are in the right road or not. The devil comes with new temptations. Instead of coming as a roaring lion, he comes as an angel of light. There are praises on every hand. Everything seems to be going our way. Persecution has abated. Calls come to easy places. Indeed there is such a confusion of voices, it is hard to distinguish the right from the wrong. The temptation now is to lean on one's reputation.

No need to pray so much as before, no need to agonize before God for the salvation of souls, just preach the old sermons used in the days gone by; it will save bodily strength, and bring just as good results. If not, the fault lies in the people, and not in the preacher.

Or if these temptations come to the layman, if he is praised by the world around him, and he accepts these praises, it closes his mouth. He cannot rebuke them as in the days gone by; and a compromise is the result.

But, thank God, there are those who can detect Satan even in a shining robe. They refuse to stop in this charming country; close their ears and run on. True the next thing they know, those who cried hosanna one day are ready to crucify the next. So they find, instead of praises, a cold shoulder. A side glance, and the gulf between them grows wider. But God's smile rests upon the overcomers, and He soon brings them out into a large place. Every mountain peak gained, makes the next one, although steeper and harder to climb, easier. Glory to Jesus!

While faith receives harder and more protracted thrusts, yet it has gained so much in quality and quantity, that the devil finds after he has done his utmost, his tests have just sandpapered and polished it up until it shines and glows more than ever. Although he tries to pour cold water on our zeal for God, Jesus just pours on the oil, and the fire burns higher and brighter. Oh, my heart is overflowing!

How glad I am I ever started on this upward way!
While I have only scaled a few of the mountain
peaks, yet I am determined to press on the upward
way, and never make my camp fire in the same place,
as Bro. Reese says. While the way is narrow, some-
times stones and thorns pierce our feet, and the way
is so dark we can hardly see; yet, thank God, our
Guide knows every step of the way, and if we are
only willing to just trust Him, He will bring us safe-
ly through. Bless His precious name forever!

Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
Through waters still o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis my God that leadeth me.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Heaven.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. 1 Cor. 2:9.

A great many people when they think of heaven, think of a city with golden streets, pearly gates and jasper walls. This of course is all right, but only the lover of gold and precious stones would be satisfied if that were all heaven is. I have often thought I would like to go, if there were a spot in this world, where my dear husband, precious children and myself, could build a neat little home, where storms never come, where the summers were cool and the winters were warm, where one could plant lovely flowers and there would be no drought to dry them up, or high winds to tear them to pieces, where the weeds wouldn't grow, and fruits and vegetables, and grain of every description, would grow profusely and abundantly.

What matter if one would have to work, if his labors were always rewarded a hundred fold? What matter if one did feel tired, if always sure of a good night's rest, without any danger of ever getting sick or feeling bad? Work is pleasure when one has a well, strong body. The different occupations of the world that engage brain and muscle power, are only pastimes of joy and contentment, when free

from corroding care and worry. This I thought would be heaven below and good enough for me, but thank God heaven is all this and infinitely more.

In the first place there are people who have a capacity for enjoying love, pleasure, and beauty above that of other folks. One person will be perfectly enraptured with the enchanted vision that greets his wondering eyes from the top of some lofty hill-top. The landscape as it stretches out before him in all its natural beauty and loveliness, holds him spellbound, in rapture and speechless wonder and awe. But the other fellow fails to see anything out of the ordinary, is hungry and more concerned about opening the lunch basket, and putting his teeth into some of the fine cake and pie the basket contains. desiring more to feast his stomach, than to feast his eyes on the beauties of nature. One lady will love the rose the best of all flowers, no matter how beautiful others may be; another will be partial to the lily, and prefer it to all others, while many people have no decided preference, and love all flowers.

I believe that when this mortal shall put on immortality, that our capacity for loving, enjoying pleasure, peace, joy, etc., will be greatly increased. How much we do not know. But I believe that we will love Jesus with a love far surpassing anything we have been able to pour at His feet while here. True, we will have no life there to lay down for His sake, there will be no tears, no persecutions, no suffering to endure because we love Him, but our love

for Him, and all He has done for us, will be the kind that only immortals know. We try to love Him here above everything else. We do love Him with a love, that only the sanctified know, which sometimes feels it will burst this tenement of clay and soar away to be with Him forever. But it only comes in snatches; there are dark hours of trial, and temptations; there are voices, so many, sometimes of business, worldly cares and burdens, almost drowning out His precious voice. We must constantly be on guard that the devil does not get us to put our affection on some other object besides our Lord, our husband, money, work, children, home, etc. He must draw us continually to Himself in loving embrace, encourage and strengthen us, and keep love brightly burning on the altar of our hearts, lest it smolder and die. But glory to God, up there will be no need of adding fuel to keep love burning. It will be poured out lavishly upon the Lover of our souls, our heavenly Bridegroom and everlasting Husband, without any danger of running short, or being turned into another channel, or being mixed with alien affections. We will never again have to go to a camp meeting to have our love renewed or increased. No, instead of decreasing in any way, it will increase as the eternal ages roll by in volume, depth and richness.

Then our appreciation of the beautiful will be highly intensified. The fall has robbed us of many finer sensibilities of the soul, and those that are left have

been blunted and stunned, until they fail to see the beauties God has put all around them. The tiny flower, lifting its dew-filled chalice up to the sky, is a thing of rare beauty and workmanship, but how many never stop to give it a passing glance. A five dollar gold piece has more charm for them. The towering mountains, piled up by an omnipotent God, clad in their verdure of evergreen pines, are an ever increasing spectacle of grandeur and magnificence, yet they fail to arouse a single thought of greatness or strength in many a heart.

But over there in that beautiful city of gold it will be otherwise. True, the flowers will never fade, they will be everywhere, of variety of grace and color, form and beauty that we ever dreamed of, but they will be admired, appreciated because our God made them. Here we tire very quickly of everything. No matter what it is. The first time we saw the mountains, to us they seemed grand, but it was not long until, seeing them every day, they failed to appeal to us as at first. A nice dress, or whatever it may be, becomes old to us and we must have something new to attract our attention. Not so over there. Things will never grow old. Like the beautiful songs of Zion that fill the soul with rapture, and the ever fresh page of God's word, the most insignificant of heaven's treasures will always be fresh, fully appreciated, duly admired and greatly praised.

This is not all. We have tasted the nectar of love, we have felt the bond of friendship, we have

known the tie of human blood, we have laughed and cried, wept and rejoiced in holy fellowship with the saints. But it was only a taste. There was mixed up with it all, a weary mind, a tired body, a burdened heart, sadness, sorrow, and care. But, oh! what shall I say of friendship over there? Can pen or tongue describe it? Can mortal ever conceive or imagine just a little of what it will be to be bound with the bond of friendship that will never end, never be broken, never be mixed with deceit, strangeness or lukewarmness?

Then let us together contemplate what it will mean never to feel, see, or hear sin any more. Never feel the sting of the slanderous tongue, never hear the unkind criticism, or see the malicious glance. Here we are liable to get so used to sin we hardly notice it. Not so in that land where all is sinless and pure. Methinks our hearts and minds and the atmosphere of heaven will be such that could it be possible that an unkind thought should germinate, long before it could be brought to light it would be discovered and repulsed.

Here God hardly ever allows two holiness families to live close together long. He scatters them here and there, because there are so few of them, that He must place them to be lights to the world and the salt of the earth. Up there, they will be one large company, all of one mind, melted together in one bond of love, in holy, heavenly, fellowship.

How our hearts ache as we separate one from the

other at some large holiness camp meeting, or convention; how sorrow fills our hearts and we feel so homesick and lonesome. We would be so glad if Jesus came and caught us up all together. Up there the camp meeting will never end; no parting words will ever be spoken. Glory to our God!

Then the capacity for resting will be marvelous. Oh how often the soul longs for that eternal rest! True, the sanctified life has rest from the carnal strivings within, but what is this that dogs their every step? That flaps his black wings in their faces? What causes those billows of temptation, unbelief and darkness to beat against their souls? Ah, the enemy of our souls will never tire of wearying us, and try, if possible, to entrap our feet until, with the last fleeting breath, we will leave the battlefield forever, and for the first time know what it means to be at rest from harrassing demons and devils who surround us at every turn.

Sweet as it will be to find sweet rest from the enemy of our souls, greatly will we appreciate the rest for our glorified bodies. Here there is so much weight of earthly matter that it is a burden to carry it about. Even when in the best of health, one tires exceedingly of even sitting in one position any length of time. We cannot hold out our hands at arms' length more than a few minutes at a time without extreme fatigue. Then consider the many aches and pains the human family is subject to, from the crown of their heads, to the soles of their feet!

Oh! glorious thought for the blind, the lame, the burdened, the weary that some day, if they have made their peace with God, if their garments have been washed in the precious blood of Jesus, they will put off this cumbersome tenement of clay, and, light as a feather, without a burden, shackle or weight of any kind, sweep out never more to know the thought of pain, sorrow or fatigue.

Then there is peace, light, joy, contentment. Can anyone fathom these in heaven?

Thus, while heaven will be beautiful, free from pain and care, yet if we had no greater capacity for enjoying it than we have the good things of earth, much would be lost on our appreciation. But there we will enjoy and appreciate the least of heaven's treasures more than the greatest of earth's adornments. What then will be the joy over heaven's greatest Pearl! Him whom it is heaven to know down here only by faith! No wonder that John fell as dead. Thank God some day, with immortal vision that can gaze at the brightness of a million suns, we will gaze upon the face of One who will forever walk by our side, ravishing our immortal hearts with love these mortal hearts could never endure, and filling our souls with the joy and peace beyond earthly comprehension, we will bask in the sunshine of His smile, revel in the beauty of His comeliness, and with immortal tongues praise Him forever who died that we might live, and washed us in His own precious blood.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Points on Justification and Sanctification.

The justified are babes in Christ, drink milk, are the citizens, have joy, have peace with God, have life, have Jesus with them, are thirsting after righteousness, are born of the Spirit, have a new heart, are washed, are still carnal, are double-minded, are worldly-minded, are taken out of the world, are looking for sanctification.

Justification is the foundation, the seed of corn, the ticket, the wilderness experience, the holy place, a resurrection for sinners. God gave Christ for the justification of sinners. Justification is sanctification begun, is obtained by repentance and faith.

The sanctified are men and women in Christ, eat meat, are the soldiers, have fullness of joy, have the peace of God, have the more abundant life, have Jesus within them, are filled, are baptized with the Spirit, have a clean heart, are purified, are Spirit led, have only one mind, are spiritually-minded, have the world taken out of them, are looking for Jesus to come.

Sanctification is the house, the stalk, full salvation, the Canaan experience, the most holy place, a crucifixion for believers. Christ gave Himself for the sanctification of the church. Sanctification is justification completed, is obtained by consecration and faith.

CHAPTER XXX.

Motives.

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. I Cor. 10:31.

Some motive prompts every act, be it ever so small. Motives are the reasons we do things. Sometimes they are involuntary, but usually voluntary. Motives are very deceptive because hidden away from human eyes; but they are the things we are judged by in God's sight. He who can pierce the deepest recess of our hearts, knows our motives better than we do ourselves. After He has sifted them down, what remains is what we are.

Good motives may ripen into wrong acts; also bad motives may result in good acts. That is why the Bible says, "Judge not." The woman had a very good motive when she gathered those cast-off clothes and gave them to that poor family. But scarlet fever in its worst form broke out in that family from those clothes; a most tragic result from a good, noble motive. Then going to church is a commendable act, something we should all do. What evil motives sometimes prompt people to go to church! Sometimes it is to show off a new suit, sometimes to hide rascally acts under a cloak of piety.

All the motives of the unsaved spring from a self-

ish heart. "What returns shall I get," is the question before every act, even when the motive is an involuntary one. The man that is so fond of his family would soon show the other side, if wife became careless of his comfort and wishes. Even charitable acts are expected to be rewarded by the praise of men and the motto, "A good deed deserves another." The unsaved know nothing of looking to God for a reward, so naturally they turn to the world for compensation, showing up the selfish motive underneath it all. The justified are between the unsaved and sanctified. Their motives are a strange mixture of the two. They are the double-minded that James speaks about. When they go to church sometimes it is with such a feeling of importance that they suppose it could not get along without them. (Here we step on the toes of some claiming to be sanctified.) If they keep on the good side of the pastor, it is sometimes to get an office in the church. If they are in a "Jesus crowd" they are heart and soul for God's cause, but if they are in an "Anti-Jesus crowd" they are strangely quiet, and by their silence are anti too. While they mean to be true to God, and live only for His glory, yet like children, they put great stress on non-essentials, and leave the weightier matters go. They are influenced to a great degree by their surroundings; they are afraid of being peculiar, and carnality is more or less mixed up in their Christian service.

Not so with the wholly sanctified. While it is es-

sential for the sanctified to always watch his or her motives (because here is where the devil will get in first of all) yet, thank God, the fountain has been cleansed, and sweet water will be the output so long as it stays cleansed. As long as the motives spring from a desire to do all things to the glory of God, there may be sometimes mistakes in actions, but cannot be in the motive.

Scarlet fever was in the home, a strict quarantine had been enforced, there was no possible way to earn money, and about \$200 was needed in four weeks. A call comes to go and hold a meeting. The devil says, "Go; you may get some money." The Lord says, "Go and preach for me." Two voices calling to the same place. What a chance for the devil to prompt the wrong motive, but no, there is no love of money in that sanctified heart, but a great love for souls and unbounded faith in God. So he starts for the meeting, after his clothes are duly fumigated, with the one motive, the glory of God and salvation of souls. Glory to Jesus!

One night I awakened and heard a kicking in a barn. Husband was gone, and so all the care of the household fell on me. There was a horse on the place, and I of course thought it was Dick, our horse. Visions of a battered down barn door came up before me. It was a very cold night and I wondered what to do, when I heard the same noise more distinctly and perceived this time that it did not come from our own barn, but the neighbor's. I im-

mediately felt at ease and was preparing to drop off to sleep when the devil said to me, "See how selfish you are. You did not want your own barn door ruined, but you don't care about your neighbor's." I then began to cross-question myself to see what motive I had in being willing to so suddenly drop my anxiety when I found it to be my neighbor's barn that was in danger. This was the answer my heart gave me. Our own barn is only a frail structure, built more as a woodshed than a barn; a horse could easily kick it all to pieces, but our neighbor's barn was a large, well-built barn, with double planking wherever it was liable to come in contact with horses' heels, the stalls were large and roomy, and no possible harm could come to horse or barn. So I was very glad when my motive was sifted down that I could give a satisfactory answer.

A certain lady had a very rich father. She and her husband, who was a preacher, moved into a community where he took up a pastorate, and was supported by the free-will offerings of the people. The devil whispered to this lady two suggestions. One was, "You better not tell them your father is rich because they may not be so free with their offerings if you do." The other suggestion was just the opposite. "You better tell them you are a rich man's daughter, and then you will receive the honor due a wealthy man's child." Here she was in a strait. If she heeded either of his suggestions, she would commit sin; should she speak, or should she keep silence.

But she was a sanctified woman with sanctified common sense, and she saw she did not need to allow either motive to enter her heart. She could speak of her father being a rich man because it was true, without the least bit of carnal pride or the motive of obtaining homage, and she could keep perfect silence if she wished, as it was a purely worldly affair, without a tinge of coveteousness or bribing the people by her silence.

It means much to always have pure motives, and they can only spring from a pure heart. They they will operate spontaneously, and we will never need to fear of being found out in some underhanded business, but are willing at any time to have our motives as well as our deeds, aired and investigated, which will be done on the judgment day.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Misunderstandings.

Many a man and woman with large intellects and deep research, who perhaps lived in an out-of-the-way place, have been criticised for their indifference to their surroundings, their high sounding words, and because they seemed to live on a plane above the people they came in contact with day by day, they failing to appreciate the fact that these people were living in another world. The trifling, current gossip of the day had no interest for them. They longed for fellowship with the scholarly minds, and when they could not have that, they contented themselves in making companions of their books, and would spend their whole lives pouring over the pages of ancient volumes and bury themselves in literature and study.

Just so it is with many other walks of life. The artist with his palette and brush sitting out there hour after hour before a clump of trees just at the bend of the river, trying to put on canvas some of God's beautiful scenery, is criticised by hard working people as a lazy fellow. They don't see any use in that far-away dreamy look that seems forever forming pictures of beautiful nooks and corners in nature's picture gallery. They fail to see the refining influence real art has on the human mind. Just as bad pictures ruin and blight the mind, so beau-

tiful pictures lift and inspire noble thoughts and help to make the world better.

But the artist if surrounded by folks who do not sympathize with his calling feels alone in the world, feels misunderstood and longs for some one who would speak a word of cheer and praise. Are there any other folks who feel alone in the world? Who feel they are speaking a strange language, and try to explain as they may people will misunderstand and criticise, understand just the opposite and get offended, and feel these people mean them harm when their hearts are burning with love, and they are trying their best to tell them so? Ah yes! These are the sanctified folks. Many a newly sanctified soul has gone off to the secret place where they know One will meet them who always understands them, and cry out at His feet their sorrow and heart woundings, all bewildered at the new state of affairs. They feel like pilgrims and strangers in a strange land. They try to make people understand them, but the more they try the more they are misunderstood, and they all sooner or later learn the lesson that the only way to make people understand them, is to live a sweet, holy life before them day after day. Very soon they will want that same sweet peace of soul, which the sanctified know and manifest, to fill their own hearts and lives.

Sanctified folks, although living in the world, are not of the world. Their conversation is in heaven; their thoughts are on heavenly things, and their lan-

guage being the language of Canaan, it has a peculiar and strange accent, that marks them as foreigners, strangers in a strange land. So is it any wonder that people call them crazy, cranky, etc.?

They live in another world. When the worldly people around them are burdened down with care and worry, they are light and free; when others seem in darkness, they are basking in the sunshine of the Saviour's smile; when the devil is holding high carnival, and foolish jesting and vulgar laughing is the order of the hour, the sanctified feel a burden of soul, a tenderness and piety of spirit for the lost, deluded souls around them. Almost everywhere the spirit of the children of God and the spirit of the world are contrary one to the other, and the world, not understanding this, judges the sanctified to be cranks, feeling they are continually crossed by those whom they think feel themselves above them. Thus the carnal nature within them is aroused, and they hate to come in contact with the one whose very presence puts them under conviction and makes them feel uneasy in their sins. But sooner or later they learn that these "cranky holiness folks" are lovely neighbors, kind friends, loving counselors, ready helpers, good prayers; always happy, always peaceful, always self-sacrificing, and their prejudice melts away. They see their own fruitless, worthless lives, and go to Jesus for a place among the despised, misunderstood, Caanan dwellers, who are on their way to the city of God, there to dwell with Him forever.

CHAPTER XXXII.

God's Factory.

For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works. Eph. 2:10.

Many things that we need in our everyday lives are manufactured in what we call factories. The shoes we wear, the clothes from which our clothing is made, our furniture, etc., are all made by special machinery and skilled labor.

God also has a factory. The product is the saints. The factories are located in this world, while the power house is in the skies. The angels manipulate the machinery, and Jesus is the grand master hand. Prayers are the leather bands that keep the machinery running between earth and heaven.

Holiness is the cloth, and Jesus is the pattern. When we are laid down and cut down to fit our divine pattern, it hurts as the divine Tailor, the Holy Ghost, cuts away all the unnecessary cloth, and fashions us in humility, love and patience after Him who became an Example for us all.

He cuts away our friends, relatives, former ambitions, plans, etc., and leaves us bare of all our former bulkiness. But as we submit to His workmanship, He will make out of us a blessing to this lost world.

Some garments are made light and dressy, others

are heavy and coarse. Just so with God's garments, the saints. They have different places to fill in this world: one will be a hell-preacher, another will always take Calvary and Pentecost for his pulpit; one can wield the pen for God, while others would rather use the sword of the Spirit; one makes a fine slum worker, another shines in an orphan's home.

Thus the fabric may be of a different color, of varying strength and pattern, yet God finds use for them all.

Now all factories place a trade mark on their goods. A mark owned and controlled by the owner of the factory alone, so that it can be recognized all over the world. Just so, God has a trade-mark on all His saints. No matter what their color; no matter what church they belong to; no matter whether they have come from the slums or high society, they all bear the same trade mark. They recognize one another, and if one is serving in a high place, he does not say to the one serving in a low place, "You are not from my factory," just because his service for the Master happens to be for the lowly, but gives him the right hand of fellowship, lends his influence, and helps his brother in the faith, because he bears the trade-mark. Do you want to know what this trade-mark is? Ah, it is a very little word, but means so much. Love! Ah, yes; Jesus said, "Love one another." John says, "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." I. John 4:12.

Then what shall we say of the garments that have done long service in sunshine and rain? That are threadbare at the elbows, frayed at the wrist-bands, buttons gone, several patches show skillful needle-work and telling the tale of service nearly ended?

Oh, what a glorious occasion it will be when the saints come marching in! Some who have been long in the fight with many a battle scar, weary from the long marches, laden down with the spoils from the holy war, with the tread of conquerors will march through the pearly gates into their everlasting rest.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

God's School.

As surely as there are graded schools all over our fair land to teach writing and spelling, just so surely God has a graded school for His children.

The lessons are patience, love, faith, long-suffering, humility, submissiveness, meekness, etc. The teachers are trial, testings, pain, losses, humiliations, afflictions. God is the great superintendent of this school and He oversees all the teachers and marks all the lessons Himself, and does all the promoting.

Now this array of teachers would seem like a very hard set if their teaching was confined to Christians alone, but everyone in the whole world is included in the scholarship, from the little infant to the eldest.

The first lesson, however, that receives any credit is repentance. When that is fully learned promotion immediately begins, and is continued as fast as each lesson is learned. How sad that some go through this school—even to old age, have many troubles, misfortunes, dark hours, losses and sorrows, and yet they have never learned the first lesson! All efforts to teach them have proved fruitless, and they must reap the reward of their negligence. I once knew an old man with hair white as snow, who was not saved, and seemed to be steeled against any effort put forth toward his salvation. He came

over to our house one day and related his experience in a cyclone just a couple of years previous. He told how he was just about to take hold of the knob of the door to enter a neighbor's house, when the wind picked him up and carried him to a plowed field, where it would throw him down and then pick him up, again and again, until he was all battered and bruised. Finally it threw him in the corner of the fence on the barbed wires, and there he lay for a couple of hours unconscious. Of course no one knew where he was; it was a neighbor's house he thought of entering when he saw the storm approaching, so he lay there until he came to himself. Bruised as he was, he managed to get to the house some way. He found he could not see out of one eye, and when he looked in the looking-glass he saw that the flesh had been torn from his forehead and hung over his eye. He was a sight to behold, all dirty and bloody. It was two months before he was able to get around again.

Well, I told him that God surely spared him in that miraculous way in order to give him still another chance to get saved; that accident was simply God's voice calling him to repentance. He seemed thoughtful, but soon changed the subject. It was the last chance I had to speak to him personally about his soul, and he finally died unprepared as far as I know.

Then there are others that learn the first lesson well, but they get tired of the strict discipline and

drop out of the graded school down to the sinner's class. Sometimes they will again repent, and God will always promote them to justification, for He has no pets; every one is served alike.

The class of justification is a hard class. God has so arranged that one need not stay in this class any longer than it takes to learn the lesson of consecration. Some learn it quickly and are promoted to the next class, which is sanctification. Some, alas, stay in the justification class year in and year out, ever learning, but not able to come to a knowledge of the truth. They will partly learn the lesson, and then spoil it all, and it has to be learned over again. They promise the Lord they will go through with Him, but they back down again and again, and many times they find themselves back in the sinner's class. But the sanctified have a fine time. While their lessons are hard, yet God gives them such a good helper that He makes all the problems plain to them, and helps them over the rough places. His name is the Holy Ghost. Bless God for this Comforter who leads us into all truth! There is no copying from one another; no cheating or underhand work in this crowd; every student is honest to the core. There is a short cut from this room to the sinner's room, and anyone who cheats quickly takes that short cut, and if he ever wants to come back, must commence from the bottom again.

Neither are these students envious if one makes better progress than they do; neither are they puffed

up with pride if the Superintendent seems to honor them a little. They are the cleanest, most polite and loving set you ever saw. Their faces just shine; to look at them makes the saints shout, and puts the sinners under conviction. 'Glory to Jesus. It is in this room that the Superintendent loves to linger and when the lessons are hard He just gives them a smile once in a while, and it works like a charm!

One of the first lessons learned in this class is love. It is wonderful how many things we can love we used to hate, when we get in this room. The fallen girls, the ragged street urchin, the beggar, our enemies, the prayer meeting and ever so many things. The first lesson came when a certain mother we will write about came home from the meeting and said the Lord had sanctified her. No one said anything but Aunt Jane. She said, "Yes, you're sanctified. I guess she will go to heaven right away John; let's order her coffin." How it stung to the very core! It was her first lesson. The question was, "Shall I answer back?" The answer, "No, run up to your room and pray for her." She learned that lesson, and the next morning she learned another when she said, "Good morning, Aunt Jane," just as though nothing had happened. It is needless to say Aunt Jane soon saw mother had something worth having and she entered the graded school too, and didn't stop until she was in the sanctification class. Her first teacher was persecution; and he isn't done with her yet. There are

quite a number of lessons yet to learn, but the Holy Ghost pours in the joy and comforts her heart, and the lessons are learned one by one, because He helps her find the answers. Bless His name!

When she went to the Ladies' Aid, as was her custom before her sanctification, she found a strange coldness awaiting her, and they treated her as though she had been guilty of some great crime. But the precious Holy Ghost gave her scripture verses in abundance, and helped her to prove to them what wonderful things God could do for them if they would only let Him.

Then the next thing she knew, she walked right up against a big mountain on prayer meeting night. Father hadn't said anything thus far, but when mother came into the room, and asked him to go with her to prayer meeting, he looked more angry than I had ever seen him look before, and said to her, "Do you suppose you are going to drag me around to old, dry, women's meetings, and get me to be as foolish as you are? No, never! If you love that meeting more than me, why go, for all I care." Poor mother! Persecution was a persistent teacher. Lessons were coming thick and fast, and some of them were hard problems to one who had been loved and cherished all her life.

Two ways opened up before her; a nice, comfortable armchair by the fire, the approval of one she had always striven to please; on the other hand, an aching heart, a lonely journey through the cold and

snow to the church, and the disapproval of him who had never spoken an unkind word before. What a problem! "Shall I go?" She doesn't pretend to know the answer; so she goes to the kind Superintendent who is always ready to give aid and council to His pupils when they ask for it; she tells Him all about it, and before long she feels His tender arms about her; He pours in the strength and power to go through with Him, and she arises from her knees with a new light in her eyes. She has found the answer. She goes down stairs with her wraps on and slips up to father's chair, plants a kiss on his forehead, and slips quietly out, to wend her way to the prayer service. Her heart is so light, she hardly touches the ground as she speeds along, and when she reaches the church and her carworn pastor greets her with a hearty "God bless you," her heart overflows, and she knows why the answer was thus. Only a few were out. There were not many that had consecrated themselves to God, and hence the new pastor, a man of God, filled with the Holy Ghost, found a hard field to work in. But the few that were present were all whole-souled Christians, and their prayers and testimonies had the real ring to them, the result being that they had a fine meeting. The pastor was much encouraged, and mother received light and help that she could not have done without. When she got home everyone was in bed, and she feeling the drawing of the Spirit, went into the library to pray a while. Ah, how changed her

life was! Her aim was the glory of God continually, and she seemed to take more pleasure on her knees alone with God, than she ever knew in her life before. So she talked with God on and on. Ah, how she told Him all her inmost desires; how she opened her heart to him, promised Him her whole heart's allegiance, and plead with Him to save her husband, whom she loved as her own life! She had been there one hour when she forgot all about her surroundings, and, in her earnestness, called aloud on God. Father hearing the strange noise, quietly got up, and perceiving it came from the library, went to the door and listenel. Oh, how the Holy Spirit strove with his soul! Ever since mother had gotten sanctified he seemed like a different man. He acted like he was being contested, and a fierce battle was going on within. Now the climax was reached. With trembling hands and faltering steps he opened the door, and dropping on his knees beside the prostrate form of mother, he began to cry and plead for salvation. Mother was in such agony of soul that at first she did not realize what had happened, but about the time she realized the situation, father had heard from heaven. Then such rejoicing and shouting. It was a blessed time.

The next lesson put upon the blackboard is "Trust in God." There are so many sides to this lesson it takes a number of teachers to teach them all. One thing we must trust God for is our own testimonies. Before I was sanctified, when I was in a testimony

meeting I used to make up a testimony and then learn it by heart, but very often when I got up to recite it, like a piece on a Christmas program, some way or other the whole thing slipped away from me, and I forgot every word I intended to say. Failure was my teacher at this time, and he just kept at me until I learned to trust God for my testimony, and I get up even if I had nothing in view to say, trusting Him to keep His promise when He said, "Open thy mouth and I will fill it."

Then this same teacher thought we needed some deeper lessons along the same line of trusting God. So, in a certain part of God's vineyard where we were called to labor, this teacher stamped everything we did with failure. Our tears and groans, our prayers and fastings, our preaching and exhorting, our love and kindness, our efforts in calling successful evangelists, and spending lots of money, all seemed to be a fruitless task, and we learned the lesson, not to depend on our own efforts, but trust God with results, simply obeying Him in every detail, knowing that nothing is lost that is done in His name.

Then comes along the severest teacher of all. His name is Need. He is a grim-looking fellow, with no mercy, and lots of determination in his makeup. He often uses the ruler, and one can't shirk lessons when he is around. But after the lessons are learned we thank God for this teacher who seemed so cruel and stern, because the lesson of trusting God was

more thoroughly learned under his tutorship than any other. Sometimes he employs the help of the teacher called Loss. In that case, beginning with perhaps the burning down of the home, or an almost complete crop failure, maybe sickness comes, with heavy grocery bills and no money coming in. One dear old brother bought an orange grove in Florida, with a prospect of meeting all the payments with the first crop. He was in the sanctification class. His teacher just at this time happened to be Loss. A severe frost came that killed all the fruit on the trees, and this brother had a severe lesson on trusting God. So he went to the Superintendent (bless His dear name!) and told Him what a hard problem he had to solve. So the Superintendent came to his rescue; and laying this matter on the hearts of four of His true children living thousands of miles apart, and not knowing what the other was doing, they all sent enough money to this brother to meet his payments. How he praised God for this lesson of trust in Him!

Then there is need of food, clothing, schooling, car fare, etc., but as the lessons are learned one by one we find ourselves growing in grace, knowledge and strength, and the problems that once were so hard, get easier, and we learn to take them all to the great Superintendent who watches over us with such tender love, and only gives us those lessons that will make us more like Him, and will help us to be strong in the race for heaven.

The hardest lesson I had to learn on trust was when my darling little Beulah died of the scarlet fever. That was when we were in Cincinnati, and scarlet fever in its malignant form broke out in our little flock. God had wonderfully healed the two boys, and it seemed again and again that it was His will to spare us little Beulah; but He knew I needed this lesson of trusting Him even when grim death entered the home, and so He permitted death to be my teacher. I felt she would be taken from us, but I just could not bear the thought of her dying, because I had not yet experienced the wonderful grace of God in a dark hour like this, and thought it would be unbearable. But thank God when we knew her little spirit was safe with Jesus, such a heavy burden was lifted from my heart, such a comfort and joy was poured into my soul. I realized such an utter abandonment to the whole will of God that there was not a single tear shed for my darling baby's departure. Jesus seemed to so completely fill the vacancy that we felt she was only transferred from this cold, friendless world to the bright fields of heaven, and rejoiced in her gain of eternal life so early in her life's career.

Then lessons on patience are of daily occurrences. Patience must have its perfect work; there are all sorts of teachers employed to teach this much needed virtue. After we have entered the sanctification class, we have on hand a good supply of patience, but being human, it is in a rather crude form and it must

be refined, enriched and increased to meet the demands of a useful life in God's service.

Many a man or woman 'blameless in their outward deportment as to honesty and humility, have spoiled a good reputation by a single act or word of impatience. A certain Methodist preacher was on a train which was late. They were hurrying on, when they came to a wreck, and had to wait still longer until the track could be cleared. Everyone fumed and fussed, and no little complaining was going on among the passengers with the exception of this one sanctified preacher. He said nothing for a long time, neither did he know he was an object of observation, but after nearly an hour's silence he looked at his watch and exclaimed, "My, I'm getting hungry, it's pretty near 1 o'clock." He heard a woman say, "I thought there was one man who was awfully patient, but he finally had to speak." Needless to say, he felt ashamed and resolved to profit by his lesson.

Another preacher who owned an automobile showed his need of more refined patience. His machine was out of order and he had a world of trouble getting it in shape again. Through it all he seemed to have unlimited patience. When he had it all ready, and was preparing to run down town there were a number of children standing around, desiring to ride a block or so in his automobile. He allowed several to get in, and as one little girl was crying because she was too little to climb in, her mother came out and was going to lift her in, but just as she was

about to do this, he jumped off and said, "Either these children stay at home, or I will!" A neighbor woman, who had been converted, and was looking into holiness, heard this impatient remark from this evangelist, and speaking of it afterwards, one could see she had lost faith in that man's profession, and also in holiness to a great degree.

That was only a lesson on patience, and had this young man heeded it, he would have been enriched in his own soul, several children would have had the pleasure of a short automobile ride, and perhaps a soul helped toward sanctification. Then come lessons on submission. I used to think it was all right to submit to God, but I hated to submit to those around me, failing to see that God ruled over all things, and every time we submit to one another we submit to God. One man I have in mind, objected strongly to wringing out a wash rag if it happened to be left in the wash pan, and he would throw it out with the water, giving his wife the trouble of hunting a fresh one. She had several little ones to wait on, her hands were full, and sometimes she would forget, and leave the wash rags in the pan, and as often as he found it, he would fling it out, no matter how much the wife protested. He could not see how submitting to his wife in this particular would be honoring God. But as time went on, and he realized that stubbornness along any line except against sin, was rebellion toward God, he finally submitted one day to wring out the wash rag, and every

time he did it, he grew in grace, and after a while it was no longer a hard duty but a glad service.

One beautiful girl that got sanctified in a revival I attended in Oklahoma learned this lesson early in her experience. On Thursday evenings when she wished to go to prayer meeting, she would go out and harness her horse and tie it to the hitching post. While she would be in the house getting her wraps on to go, her father would go out, unhook the horse, tie it up in the barn, and go back to the house. When this girl would come out and see what had happened, she would quietly go back in the house, remove her wraps, and go to her room and read her Bible and pray. When God saw she was sufficiently tried, He let her go to a Bible school with her father's consent, and she was no longer hindered in this way.

Another lesson we must learn is to wait on God. How many missionaries feeling the call of God upon them, rush to their field of labor before they are really prepared, without abiding God's time, and find to their dismay their mission a failure.

Then some who have faithfully labored in a God-given field for some time without many outward results, hastily conclude their work is done, and leave the field just as God is about to bless their labors and enlarge their borders.

This waiting on God comes into play constantly. Answers to prayer, open doors, success to our labors,

strength and courage for the battle against sin all come to the one who waits on God.

Then comes the lesson on obedience. One lady that I have read about was impressed of God to give \$200 to a missionary. It was all the money she had, and she thought it impossible that God would require the last cent. But what God fails to get, the devil always gets. That night thieves broke into her house and stole that same \$200.

God told another man to give a preacher a certain black horse that he valued very highly. The man refused and the horse died that very afternoon. Sometimes the judgment of God is not visited so quickly as in these two cases, but the one who disobeys will not only reap the reward of his disobedience, but lose his soul as well. Adam and Eve, Ananias and Sapphira and Saul, and others, are special characters set forth in Scripture as those who disobeyed, and who suffered greatly for their disobedience. We might go on and on in this school where saints are ripened for their eternal home, where the last lesson is learned on the death bed, and the diploma is received as they pass through the gates. Oh, what rejoicing as one by one these students leave the schoolroom for the fair hills and fields of light, there to spend their vacation forever.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Jim's Experience With Testifying.

“Well, I will just tell you, before I was wholly sanctified I couldn’t testify, couldn’t say two words to save my neck! The man-fearing spirit was that strong in me, that try as I would, it just seemed to me I was glued to the seat. But praise the Lord, that’s all over with me now. Strange how the Lord can make a feller all over new, and make him just the other way he was before. Well, anyhow, when I gets up to testify, why, I don’t hardly know where the stopping place is! The preacher has to say, amen, real loud about three or four times in succession, so’s to give me the signal its quitin’ time. Wall, you see it is this way. Supposin’ I had a family doctor that had cured me of some dreadful disease, and then was always a looking after me, giving me joy and gladness and helping me over the rough places. Supposin’ there was lots of my neighbors sefferin’ with that same disease, and wouldn’t know about my doctor, wouldn’t I be awful selfish not to tell them about my wonderful doctor?

“Well, just so with the great Physician Jesus. When I get started to tell all He has done for me I don’t know when to stop, and sometimes when I sit down, I remember a lot of things I forgot to say, and I just jumps up once more (no glue on my seat now)

and I tells them, I says, 'I just gave you the milk before and I forgot to give you the cream.' If you got any trouble about talkin' about Jesus, just go to Him, and He'll set that talkin' machine all right fer ye. The trouble is not with the tongue, but the heart is out of order; for the tongue can talk a plenty about other things. Just let Jesus fix up that heart a yourn, and presto! you'll belong to the popcorn crowd sure enough and you'll pop lively too.

"Well, praise de Lord!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Joy.

Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full. John 16:24.

It seems that the most weighty words have the least letters. Anyhow, how much these three letters mean, "Joy!" There is much in this world called joy, but there are only a few things that give joy in the sense of real joy, and a very few that bring real tears of joy. Among these we might mention the joy of meeting loved ones, long separated, the joy of receiving something much needed, as the poor often shed tears of joy upon receiving food and clothing, or some kindness is shown them. But what are these compared with real Holy Ghost joy? Just now I was rocking baby Paul to sleep, and singing that beautiful hymn that never grows old,

"Sweetest name in Seraph song,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Jesus, blessed Jesus."

And my bosom began to heave, my eyes overflowed, and I felt like a corner of heaven had been dropped down into my soul! Glory to Jesus! No wonder David said the joy of the Lord was his strength,

for during one of these seasons it just seems like we could run through a troop, and jump over a wall. There doesn't seem anything too hard for us to do, and we are willing to do anything, be anything, and go anywhere, and we just seem to love God more than we ever did before, and we could love our bitterest enemy into the kingdom if it were possible.

These seasons of joy come at such unexpected times and places. Some Scripture text hanging on the wall, some one singing a hymn, or perhaps no visible cause whatever, and the soul will be bathed with the sunshine of heaven, and overflowed with joy. Of course they come because we let God have His way with us. When He wants a few dollars we gladly say, "Yes, Lord"; if He wants us to go and sit up with some suffering one we gladly go; if He gives us a burning message, which definitely honors Him and full salvation, we deliver it in His name, but what great reward, for services so small!

If we had a million dollars, a dozen lives, a hundred sons and daughters for missionaries, houses and lands without number, and gave them all, then we might merit in a small measure such joy, but when we can only give a few dollars, and shed a few tears, have only one short life, can only praise Him with stammering tongues, can only tell a very little of what He has done for us, how it swells our hearts with gratitude when He remembers these little gifts, and pays us with His smile, and a cup running over with joy! Oh, glory to God!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Leadership of the Holy Ghost.

What a wonderful salvation God has planned for the redemption of fallen humanity! Who can comprehend its length, breadth, height and depth! It reaches the rich and brings them low; it reaches the poor and brings them up; it saves the moral man, and cleans up the worst of sinners, sick or well, black or white, old or young. It is so simple and yet so complex; so easy to obtain, yet so hard; so minute in detail yet so enormous.

When Jesus was here upon the earth He told His disciples that He was then with them, but the time would come when he should take His abode within them, which occurred on the day of Pentecost, thus verifying that verse in I. John 4:4, "Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world." The disciples were justified when Jesus was with them. He tells them to rejoice because their names are written in heaven, and they have followed Him in regeneration, but we see many signs of indwelling carnality in their lives. They were selfish, proud, fearful, unbelieving, and even went so far as to forsake their blessed Lord, and Peter even denied Him with cursing.

We find altogether a different state of affairs after Pentecost. They were humble, bold for

God, forgetful of self, and even gave their lives for Jesus and the cause. When a soul gets justified the Holy Ghost walks with that soul. The devil comes with promptings to everything that is evil, and checks for everything good. He comes to the boy who loved to play base ball and says, "Come on and let's have a game of base ball." The Holy Ghost whispers, "You had better not go. The boys will cheat, and some will curse and swear, and you will feel out of place, and probably backslide." But there is another voice that clamors loudly. It is the voice of the devil's child called carnality. When its father comes along and prompts to do evil, it seconds the motion; and then there are two voices of evil against one voice for good.

Sometimes with a hard battle the two evil voices are overcome, and a victory gained, but more often they are the victors, and the justified soul is defeated and must repent and get back to God.

When it is time for testimony the Holy Ghost will whisper, "You ought to testify for Jesus," but the devil will say, "Maybe you were not converted anyway," and the voice inside says, "You may make a mistake, and then they will all laugh at you." So there is a continual battle with these promptings and checks of the devil, the voice inside siding in with him, and hankering after the world and worldly things.

Thank God, the blessed Holy Spirit is trying all this time to lead the justified soul into sanctification,

where that inner voice will be destroyed, the Holy Ghost Himself moving in and taking control, and ever after proving Himself more than a match for the devil. Glory to God! He will lead the justified soul into a holiness meeting if possible, to read a holiness book, or lead him to study his Bible, and try to lead him to see the wonderful double cure in the Blood for inbred sin as well as actual transgressions.

One soul that we have read about, saw this Scripture while reading the Bible, "This is the will of God, your sanctification." I. Thess. 4:3, and immediately began to apply it to his own experience thus: "Now Lord, I never heard a sermon on sanctification; I don't know what it is, but your Word says it is your will, and if it is your will it must be something good, and I want it." Needless to say, he prayed through and received. Glory to God!

Then after the blessed Holy Ghost has moved in and takes complete control, we are safe as long as we are submissive in His hands, obey the promptings and the checks, and never fail to honor Him. The only way to backslide from sanctification is to grieve away the Holy Spirit, and this is easily done. He is a tender, loving, honored abiding person in our hearts, and must be courted, honored, revered and obeyed in the minutest detail. The closer we walk to Jesus, the more distinct will become his voice and the plainer his leadings, until it will be as natural to obey Him as it is natural for the tree to bend, when the wind blows upon it.

Often two are in conversation; they may be speaking with grace in their hearts, and their speech may be edifying, but suddenly the conversation will lead perhaps to the criticism of some child of God, immediately the Holy Spirit will throw out His checks. I have had these checks come to me in the middle of a sentence, but thank God I am learning to look for them before I begin to speak, and save myself the mortification of stopping my conversation right in the middle of a sentence!

There is such a fine line between the right and the wrong that we cannot always detect it, but the Holy Ghost is true to our souls, and always rings the alarm bells. And then He is always prompting to do good. If there is a sick one in the neighborhood, He will immediately offer help in anyway it is possible to give. Bodily comfort and help, but especially solicitous about the soul's welfare, offering prayer and spiritual comfort or warning. Will always prompt to go to prayer service, or the means of grace in all of its departments; will prompt in prayer, and testimony and speaking to souls about salvation. Will lead in going from one city to another; in buying property, land, etc.; indeed, in all the tangled affairs of life.

We must never be ashamed of Him, which means ashamed of holiness and the holiness cause, for this is Holy Ghost religion, and this is the Holy Ghost dispensation. To honor Him only in a holiness meeting, and then disown Him or slight Him in a church

where holiness is not preached, is to grieve Him. He will lead discreetly there in testimony, if His voice is heeded, to the glory of God.

He floods the Scripture with new light and glory. You will understand the Bible more than ever before, new and blessed truths opening up before you, ever and anon. You will see holiness from Genesis to Revelations, and the coming of the Lord everywhere.

Dear reader, do you ever frequent the theater, saloon, card table? If so, you are not led by the Holy Spirit, for He never would lead you there. I will come home a little closer. Do you ever give of your means to the missionary cause? Do you ever weep over the lost? Do you ever pray for your enemies? If not you are not led by the Spirit, for He would surely lead thus.

God help us to so abandon ourselves to the blessed Holy Ghost that He can rule our hearts and lives to His own good will and pleasure, making us fruitful unto every good work, working that which is well pleasing in His sight.

Glory to God! Glory to God!

My heart is now cleansed from sin;
I've abandoned myself to the Holy Ghost,
And His fullness abides within.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Temptation.

But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. James 1:14.

Temptation is a powerful influence the devil exercises over people, which appeals to the desires to gratify self. No one is tempted to steal an old pair of shoes, but a nice new pair will appeal to them, providing they are in need of them. No one who is well fed and always knows where his meals come from, is ever tempted to steal fruit from the Italian's stand, but those who suffer the pangs of hunger feel keenly the temptation. To become great and famous is not a temptation to those who have already attained these lofty heights, but to those to whom such an attainment appeals. To commit suicide does not occur to those who have an easy time in this life, but to those who hope by putting an end to this life that they will forever be free from the sorrows and cares that drove them to this final act.

Temptation, in order to be effectual, must have for a foundation a desire, and then this desire must be appealed to by something better than it already has. Now in the sinner all these carnal desires are wide-awake. The desire for shows, theatres, dances, the card table, fine clothes, fine homes, whiskey, money,

revenge, etc., are continually receiving attention. The devil knows they will look after these things themselves, so he does not bother them much, but his business in their case is to weave them into a life of sin, that down grade will be the result, making it harder every year to turn to Jesus; but the justified receive his undivided attention. He knows that while all these desires are dormant and kept down by the power of God, as long as the justified watch and pray and walk in the light (and get sanctified as quickly as possible), but those same desires are there just the same, and he plays upon them, trying to resurrect them to activity. He paints the dance in the most innocent colors; holds up the theater in all its glittering splendor, gets people to laugh at them, and tries, if possible, to awaken the desire for revenge and hatred.

If he does not succeed along this line, he will try the cold water scheme and the man-fearing spirit, for he knows if he can weaken them, then their downfall will be easy. So he tells them they make so many mistakes when they pray and testify they had better let the older ones do that. He tries to hinder them from praying in secret and reading God's Word. When they are out in public in a crowd of scoffers he tries to make them ashamed of being Christians; these temptations are continued, and come thicker and faster, until the justified soul finds he must either get sanctified or backslide.

Thank God for the sanctified life. While the

temptations of the sanctified are more fierce and prolonged, their trials are more complex and their burdens heavier, yet the devil cannot find a single sinful desire to play upon. Besides this, he finds that the armor the sanctified wear so completely covers them that his attacks are usually fruitless. Then on top of all this he finds they are hedged in by a wall of fire, God's wings above them, His everlasting arms underneath them, and His angels encamped around about them; above all they are so hid in Christ that the enemy can't find them. As long as their eyes are on Jesus their all is on the altar; they go forward regardless of the cost; they are perfectly secure, and the devil knows this, so his temptations are necessarily planned for the sanctified on an altogether different basis. His first attack is to try by all means to get their eyes off of Jesus. He has several ways by which he hopes to succeed. One is the persecution of loved ones and backslidden church members. Here is where he sometimes succeeds. His aim is to get the least opening into the cleansed heart, so he may inject carnality once more. If he can get their eyes off of Jesus on their persecutions, he will then insert either anger, resentment, or compromise and the work is done. But thank God he fails more often than he succeeds. Jesus so garrisons the soul with love, joy and peace that they love and pity their persecutors and pray for them rather than answer back, in this case they grow stronger all the time.

His next step is to undermine their faith. It is

his delight when he can cause some leader to fall, because they always drag others down with them. He will tell them that even if they are sanctified they can't keep so, and points out to them others who have fallen from high states of grace; then he tries to make them doubt their own experience, and points out to them their own human weaknesses and makes them think they are carnal tendencies yet in the soul. Then he will point out some one who has been in the way a long time, and has made good progress as the standard to measure by, and because they can't measure up, make them think they are not sanctified at all. He will tell them their prayers are not answered, God doesn't bless them like He does others, trying, if possible, to get their eyes off of Jesus on their experience and get them to doubting. How many have been wrecked here! When possible, he will sweep a great many off of their feet by agitating a third blessing of fire, gift of tongues, etc.

Well, when these attacks have been safely overcome, he tries a new plan. Now his idea is to get one's eyes off of Jesus on their good works, and pride creeps in. During all this time the soul has been growing in grace, souls have been won to God, and prayers and testimonies have been delivered in the power and unction of the Holy Ghost.

The devil says, "That was a fine testimony. See how it has stirred hearts; you are making fine progress." Oh, how carefully one must walk now! After a while he will put in a desire for leadership, or

to reach a place where his God-given powers and talents will be fully appreciated. This is where the most danger comes. A desire to be at one's best for God, and be in the place where they can do the most good, is at once the right and proper thing, but wherever pride is mixed in, the desire is usually directed to loftiness of the position over other folks, the money it will bring, and the comforts to be had. The man who wants to live at his best for God is just as willing to labor in some logging camp, some obscure African village, or some mission in the slums, as preach in big camps and conventions; but the one who desires a high place for the sake of pride, will seek only the camps and conventions. So if we are not careful to walk softly before God, before we know it the devil has put pride into our hearts, and we might just as well stop short off, get down in utter humiliation, repent and start over again. Our loud preaching and acting like we had the real thing won't make it so; for while we may deceive some folks, we cannot deceive God.

Now while these different tests which the devil brings up may be overcome and new plans laid and tried, yet he will resort to the old ones again and again. If he can't get us to doubt we ever were sanctified, he will try to make us believe we backslide somewhere, and that is why we are having a dry spell. He will work upon our minds, and flash through them unholy thoughts, and then try to make us believe they come from within. His greatest ally

is pride. If he can only get us to take the least glory to ourselves, he has a loophole and the rest is easy. How necessary then it is to be humble, willing to be nothing for God, and giving Him all the glory continually for anything He lets us do for Him.

He uses dark clouds, things to cross our wishes, and disappoint our expectations, tries to bring discouragement and discontent, to destroy our peace, but through it all if we but remember one thing we will come out more than conquerors, and that is keep our eyes on Jesus. He is our Priest, Prophet, King; our Counselor, Guide and Shepard; our Savior, Sanctifier, Keeper; our Brother, Friend and Bridegroom; our Light, Life, Way and Door; our Redeemer, Captain and Pilot. Glory to His precious name. Let us trust Him fully.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Testings.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life. James 1:12.

Tests are put to everything that is made. Bridges are tested: great loads heavier than any they are ever supposed to bear are passed over them, to test their durability. Watches are tested by cold and heat; students and scholars must be examined at each successive grade.

Thus it is with God's children. Not only will their faith be tested to the utmost, but their consecration, their determination to go through, and their humility. It takes all these to receive full salvation, and then is added our testimony. This the devil will be permitted to test first. We arise from the altar and we testify God has sanctified us wholly. The devil says, "Well, we will see," and he does all he can to arouse hatred, anger, jealousy and pride. If any of these are still in the heart they will surely manifest themselves, and we will know we were not sanctified; but if we can keep sweet, humble and true, we know the work was done. I know a lady who washed three days after she was sanctified. The clothesline broke seven times, but she had the blessing and the devil was defeated.

The devil does not stop at the first testimony. You go to prayer meeting, get blessed, and feel like you could go to the stake for Jesus' sake, rise up and say you are determined by the grace of God to go through. You are again a target for the enemy. He will shoot at you from the black artillery of hell all the fiery darts he can muster. You will feel like saying, "Oh Lord, I can't stand it any longer," but you must not say that, or you will surely be defeated; say, "Lord, help me. I will be true by thy grace," and the devil will flee, for he is a coward every time.

Never forget that Jesus is always with you. Yes, nearer than you are willing perhaps to believe, and the devil can not go one hair's breadth more than God allows him. He will test you on your consecration. You are living in a community where there is little or no holiness preaching. You read or hear of a holiness meeting going to be held not far from your home. Your heart longs to go, but the devil will bring up all kinds of obstacles to hinder you. He will say, "Now, look here, your husband has no one to get his meals for him, and he has to work hard; it will take carfare, and you can read your Bible and pray just as well at home." Then let us look at this from another standpoint. Supposing this same woman was to get a telegram, telling her that her daughter was dying, and to come at once. Would she hesitate on account of carfare? Would she stop because her husband needed her to cook for him, or would she get some one to fill her place, or

fix things so that he could get along without her? Ah yes, nothing but sickness would keep her from her dying daughter's side, she would even borrow the money for car fare if necessary. This would prove that she loved her daughter more than Jesus. It would prove that she could have gone to the camp meeting if she had just thought so. But she says, "The latter case was the more important." Ah, that is where the devil deceives his thousands. Anything that will strengthen our faith and bring heaven nearer to us is very, very important. Many a man or woman if they knew they could make a couple of hundred dollars by going to camp meeting would do it; but they fail to see that their presence, their prayers and influence in the camp will mean many hundreds of dollars in their favor at the judgment bar of God. They may lose a few of earth's paltry means of exchange here, but they will gain a thousand fold in heaven's currency that will last forever!

Many a soul has gone to camp meeting and received light and help, that if they had remained at home and failed to receive, would have lost their souls in hell.

How many times we let our human love for our families get between us, and the divine love for God; our consecration does not bear the test. Many times it has been necessary to leave the younger children at home with the eldest boy when we would go off to meeting. They would kiss us good-by so

sweetly and never murmur a complaint, when I knew they would like to have gone with us so much, and would watch the teams as they passed one after the other on their way to church, until it seemed the whole neighborhood had gone to church and they were left behind! Oh, how my heart would ache for them! If they had scolded and fretted about having to stay at home it would not have been so hard, but because they bore it so patiently and lovingly, waving their little hands good-bye as we passed out of sight, it was quite a test indeed; but we looked up into the face of our blessed Lord and said, "All for your sake," and we knew He could comfort their hearts and keep all harm away from them.

Ah, that is the test of consecration. That tells the story, whether or not husband, wife and children, father or mother are on the altar! Some think that when husband opposes and threatens their life, that is when they are tested, as to whether he is on the altar or not. Oh no; that is when the test comes as to whether your life is on the altar, whether you would be willing to go against your husband's wishes and put your life into his hands, or say good-bye to your home. It is when husband is good and kind, but he doesn't see just as you see, and you must still obey God and seemingly go against his wishes, that is when he is all on the altar, and you will not let him come between you and God.

Then the case may be reversed. Husband is called

to hold a meeting. The children are not so well, and wife hates to see him go, but will not complain. He knows her thoughts as well as though he read them in a book, knows she will have to lose sleep, perhaps will be fearful to stay alone at night, perhaps has not much money to buy food for the family, but he looks up to Jesus, and with a tender voice says, "Yes Lord, I will go. You left Father's house and came down here for me; I will go for you." This is real consecration. The wife that opposes her husband and makes life miserable for him, only makes it easy for him to leave her, and obey God. The tender, loving wife who is a comfort and a blessing, makes it hard for husband to tear away from her side, especially when she is liable to have more to look after than her strength is capable of, and it means real consecration to obey God and go forth under these circumstances.

Ah, it is when we trample under foot our own desires, and the wishes of friends and loved ones that it counts. Many fail here. While they can stand any amount of persecution and go through, yet they give way to persuasion, and the wishes of loved ones and go down. Little Johnnie will say, "Oh, mamma, don't go to prayer meeting tonight; stay home with me," and mamma will stoop down, kiss the little cheek and say, "All right, I will," never thinking that she is turning down Jesus when she does it. When we get sanctified we become a soldier of the cross, and every prayer meeting or service is a battle

either won or lost for God. It requires the faithfulness of every soldier in order to win, not only that the enemy may be defeated at the meeting, but that he may be defeated in their own lives at home. So she permits her little son to get between her, and her duty to God, her neighbors and herself. God put the test to her, and she did not stand.

An endless chain is only as strong as the weakest link, no matter how strong the other links may be. We might take a heavy log chain and tie it with a cotton string. Anything stronger than the cotton string will break the chain. So it is with our consecration; if we are weak along any line, as soon as we are tested on that weak point, we will fail if we do not watch and pray, and strengthen that weak place by implicit obedience to God. As soon as we find our weak places, we need to fortify them by extra determination to get the victory; and when we lose a blessing, be determined to profit by our lesson and not permit it to occur again.

God will permit us to be tested again and again on a given point, until we so completely have the victory that it no longer proves a test to us.

I know a husband and wife who were saved and sanctified and living for God, and who lived together in beautiful harmony. But once in a while when things went wrong, husband would see one side of the matter and wife would see the other side. Both would be right, but each failed to see where the other was right. It was a test. At first the very fact that

anything should occur to cross them made them feel bad and they couldn't understand it, but as the days and weeks came and went, they learned that it was only the enemy that was trying to separate them, and cause them to lose victory in their home life. Every time one of these unfortunate misunderstandings occurred, it became easier for each to exercise more and more charity, and be willing to give way to one another, until these tests were few and far between, and after awhile ceased to come. There were still misunderstandings, but they were mutually taken up together, and failed to be tests any longer. It is the devil's business to destroy, if possible, confidence in one another. Be it in the family circle, or in God's family, he will do it every time he has a chance, and it is always fatal to real spirituality.

How many get up in class and say, "saved, sanctified and kept," when they live a cat and dog life at home, saying cutting words and bitter things one to the other. If we fail to keep sweet at home, our public life will be a failure, no matter how much we may try to hide it, because God knows when no one else does, just what our innermost lives are, and He has promised if we serve Him in secret, as well as openly, that He will bless us openly.

These tests come to us in every way imaginable, because they many times are just the natural order of things, but the devil will take them, and use them as grindstones to grind off the rough places.

I remember one fall we had some additions built onto the house, some new furniture brought in, and things were nice and cozy. It was Saturday night. I had just finished cleaning the house, laid the nice new carpet, and the kitchen floor was white enough to eat off of. It was raining hard outdoors, and I was very careful that none of the family should bring in mud on my clean floors. Suddenly we heard a call from the back yard, and there we found a whole wagon load of folks who came to see us through that awful rain. Well, you can imagine how I felt. I wasn't sanctified then, and the fact of these being three or four holiness preachers, perhaps had more to do with my test than it would have otherwise. But, be that as it may, it seemed when those muddy shoes set down on my carpet in all directions, they just pressed that much harder on my heart. Perhaps God had to strike at a vital place first, for before the week was over I had died out to new carpets, clean floors and all the world. Praise God forever! My carpet was ruined. It was muddy all that week, and being cold, it was necessary to spend the whole time indoors, and so many people, soon made it look like it was ten years old, but I didn't care after Jesus had sanctified my soul. No, all I possessed was His, to be used for His glory, and if it is His will that my carpets shall look old before their time, I say, "Amen, Lord, they are yours; do with them as seemeth good in thy sight."

Some dear housewives lose many blessings because

they give the devil a chance to keep them in hot water constantly on account of their housework.

If company comes on wash day, instead of being sweet about it, and believing that God orders all things for our good, they allow worry and fretting to enter their hearts. Although they may try to hide it from their company, yet if they are spiritual people they can't help but see that the offering is not all on the altar, and their hostess is not on victory's side, although she may claim to be sanctified.

If we are sanctified our time belongs to the Lord as well as anything else, and we are willing to drop washing, or anything, anytime He has something else for us to do, for we are only washing for Him, if we are truly His. It is just as easy to stop and cook dinner for one of His little ones He has sent in, as to continue washing, for He will make it a blessing to us, if we only obey Him.

Then come tests on reputation, honor, etc. A preacher will go to a meeting. Perhaps he won't be noticed much. True he wears his white vest, and everyone knows he is a preacher, but somehow he is slighted and overlooked, some even failing to shake hands. Ah, how the devil will come around now with his smooth, oily words! "They didn't treat you right at all. I wouldn't go back to that meeting any more. You could have preached a better sermon by far, than the man that did preach," and so if possible he will get the tempted one to look at his injuries, arouse pity for himself and enmity against

those who seemingly slighted him. He will find if he listens to the old enemy of his soul that his reputation and honor are not on the altar.

Ah it means so much to be dead, to have all on the altar who is Christ, then no matter how the devil comes there is complete victory by trusting Jesus and going through. Ah, yes, the Lord will have a tried people.

A merchant who wishes to promote one of his clerks to a higher position does not select the one who comes late to his work, shifts duties on the shoulders of another that he ought to perform, but he takes one that has been tested and tried and proved reliable in every respect.

When a wagon maker wants a good piece of seasoned timber he does not go to a tree surrounded by a lot of other trees, but he takes the one standing alone, one that has stood the test of many a storm, whose fiber has been made tough and strong by the resistance called forth by the many tempests that have passed over it.

When a general is needed to control an army, Uncle Sam does not select a man that has failed to stand the test in the crucial moment, who complains of the hardships of army life, and proves to be a baby instead of a soldier, but he selects one who has won honors on the battle-field for deeds of bravery and heroism, one who made his mark as a man to be depended upon.

Oh, the world has many open doors for men and

women who have laughed at impossibilities, braved storms of opposition and adversity, labored and toiled, and stood the test of years. Just so with our dear heavenly Father. He has many places to be filled and supplied in the skies. Positions that demand the best, grace can produce. Callings that angels might covet. In order that these may be filled, He is doing His best by machinery not made with hands to fit and prepare fit subjects to fill these places.

The patience machine that grinds out that precious, soft, yielding metal is in operation every day. You can see it working in the shop, kitchen, field, indeed every where. Sometimes it squeaks and groans and refuses to work, and shows a great need of oil, then Jesus pours in grace, and lo! it runs to perfection.

Then comes the long-suffering machine. It turns out a substance much like patience, but it is more endurable. When patience gives out, long-suffering is still on the rack. How it will shine and sparkle in the sunlight of heaven in that day when He maketh up His jewels!

Ah yes! Only the tested and tried ever reach Heaven. God cannot be partial and let one get to Heaven easier than another, but all must go through with a determination to make Heaven, if it cost them their lives, willing to live for Him, or die for Him, as the case may be.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Danger Signals.

Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness...II. Peter 3:17.

The seaman who has spent thirty or forty years of his life on the seas, and has crossed the great oceans in all directions, soon learns the dangerous places, and learns to observe the danger signals put there for his benefit.

True, we pass this way but once; we never can undo what we have done, nor can we do what we have left undone when this journey is over. Yet, as the days go by, we learn to observe the dangerous places by certain signs God has mercifully placed within reach for our help and instruction. Sometimes we come to a crossroad in our spiritual experience, and we hardly know which way to take, but by quietly going over our past lives and considering some of the means by which God revealed to us the right way, we will usually find that His warnings are pretty much the same all along the journey of life.

Just as God takes the trials and testings the devil brings upon us, and makes them blessings in disguise,

just so the devil takes God's blessings and will make them the means by which he will wreck our souls if we are not prayerful and watchful.

Take praise for instance. Many a careworn preacher who has been criticised and kicked from pillar to post, has felt the warm love of God well up fresh in his soul as some dear saint of God has stepped up to him, and said with real earnestness in her voice, "Oh brother, you don't know how much good your sermon did me this morning. This is just when the danger signal rang out clear and plain; many a saint who sailed serenely on, and never minded the sharp rocks of persecution got stranded on the sands of praise.

It is something that is so subtle that before one is aware they are in shallow water and stuck in a sand bank.

Many a saint has wondered at the severe treatment they received from every quarter. The Lord would wonderfully bless them in prayer and testimony, refresh their souls with the dew of heaven, but on every hand they would be criticised and misunderstood, even slandered and false reports circulated. But they found later on that God could not trust them with praise and flattery until He had so ground them down, so humiliated them again and again, that He could then turn them loose and say to the devil, "Now do your worst, flatter and praise all you please, roll honor at their feet in great waves, and see what effect it will have." Oh, glory

to God, for an Omnipotent Christ who is able to save to the uttermost and then keep saved.

Now praise, in order to be dangerous, must come from a dangerous source. A little ragged newsboy stepping up to a preacher and complimenting him on his sermon would hardly be recognized as very flattering, because the newsboy would hardly be considered a judge, but let a lawyer of note step up and say, "Parson, you argued the case well; done me lots of good." Ah, we are in shallow water now, the danger signal is already hoisted; let's keep head down, and make for deep water, or we will land in a sand bank.

Many have landed in sand banks. If they had been wrecked on the sharp rocks of persecution, they would have been torn to pieces, and gone down to the bottom, but the proud ship fast in the sand bank still floats her banners in the breeze; she holds her head up just as high as ever, but she is fast, useless and doomed. Just so with many who have yielded to the subtle influence of praise. They have become proud of their achievements instead of giving all the glory to God, and are fast in a sand bank. They still go on preaching, many of them still go on professing, but that is as far as they get. Their usefulness is over, and soon they will be wrecks on the sand of time, unless they repent.

Praise is all right when sent of God to cheer up and act like a tonic on a wornout, discouraged spirit, but one needs to hunt the closet and keep out of

sight. Many court praise and seek honor, like one would seek gold, but such are always shallow Christians. The true saint seeks only the smile of God, and when other smiles are thrown in, he gives all the glory to God, and appreciates the praise of the newsboy as well as the lawyer. Beware of pride, self-esteem, and self-sufficiency, if they ever get you in their grasp, they will hold you like a vice, and it will be a miracle if you are ever saved. Like the ship in the sand bank, lashed with the waves of the ocean until she is all broken to pieces, it will only be a matter of time until you, broken and bruised by the mad waves of worldliness, will succumb never to rise again.

Persecution is another danger signal. It is a severe warning to beware of discouragement, losing hope, retaliation, doubts, etc. All these things lie in its wake, and when persecution comes, seek the closet as before, but instead of hiding away, smile at Satan's rage, keep sweet, hopeful, joyful and keep your eyes on Jesus, the Divine Pilot that will ever steer you clear of all the sharp rocks that show their cutting, jagged edges and their slippery, slimy sides in criticisms, backbitings and false friendships.

Another signal of approaching danger is usefulness in God's vineyard. Many a true saint is housed in, shut up, tied down, kept close, until they long to be free to do God service. They read of the needs of the foreign field, but they can't go; they hear the cries of the needy, but they can't give; their hearts

burn with love and their eyes overflow with tears, but that is as far as God permits them to go toward satisfying that craving for usefulness, besides pouring out their hearts to God for some open door, some means by which they may be a blessing to this lost, sorrow-stricken, pain-ridden world.

But God is getting them ready. So many have been pushed out into the work of the Lord before they were strong enough to carry the burdens, endure the toil, understand the situations that seemed so trying, and made such inroads into their stock of love, patience and faith, that before they accomplished anything, they gave it up as a bad job. These are not the folks that particularly come under the head of being in danger from over usefulness. These people are really used of God. They are in demand everywhere. Much stock is taken in their work, and they are promoted rapidly from one responsible position to another.

The dangerous whirlpools here are self-importance, relying and leaning to one's own understanding, no time to pray, jealous of another's success, wanting to run things. How many have been sucked down in a whirlpool of self-importance! God entrusted them with great issues, He blessed their feeble efforts, but instead of letting Him hold the reins, they took things into their own hands, and soon were lost sight of altogether. When our family grew, so there were two or three little ones, it fell to the oldest boy to take care of them while out

at play. It was necessary many times for him to warn, command and entreat. After a while it became a habit with him, and finally he was continually, bossing, and scolding the little ones so much, that I had to call a halt, and try, if possible, to break him of this domineering habit. So it is with God's children. They forget that they are only channels, servants, go-betweens, burden-bearers, little messengers, tools, empty vessels, etc. They begin to get their eyes off of Jesus upon their work. Success inflates them; failure discourages them. They get too busy to pray; because one sermon was used of God to bring a dozen or more souls to the altar, they try it again, instead of looking to God for a fresh one, they get their eyes on some lofty position, and if they fail to get it, are jealous of the one who does obtain it, and so are swallowed up in these whirlpools of the devil's manufacture, placed by him right in the middle of a great ocean of usefulness to God.

If doors swing open, calls come, money gets plentiful, faith is rewarded, walk softly, slowly quietly, God knew ten thousand years ago the very moment the door would swing open and let you have the desire of your heart. He knew that if you kept humble, patient and true, that you could accomplish much in His kingdom. There is no need to rush headlong into something that has been years in getting ready, for the help you could bring it. While it is true the King's business requireth haste, yet before we can make haste we must be sure what the

King's business is. Our business is to keep our eyes on Jesus, and He will do the rest. The artist painting a picture keeps his eye on the landscape, and endeavors to put it as nearly as possible just as it is on canvas. He does not expect to improve on it so, if we keep our eyes on our divine Pattern, we will be able to reproduce it in our lives, to the blessing and comfort of this poor, shivering world. Jesus will draw all men to Him just in proportion as He is lifted up in our lives, conversation and in the pulpit.

Sometimes God will permit one of His little ones to do something great for Him, and then take them home to heaven before it has a chance to spoil them. One thing is sure, if we are faithful in the little things (and every one can do their share of these) God will in His own good time intrust us with the greater things, and He has grace to keep us humble, obedient and true, and strength to keep us strong, courageous, and faithful, when duties press upon us, He keeps us on the lookout for unwary whirlpools.

Prayer is the great means of safety in any danger, for the "devil flees, when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees."

CHAPTER XL.

Touchstones.

Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.
II. Cor. 13:5.

Most people measure their spiritual condition by their feelings. This would be all right provided the thermometer of our feelings would rise and fall with our spiritual condition and nothing else had any bearing upon them, but this is far from the case.

Our feelings are affected by the condition of our bodies as well as our souls. Many a newly sanctified person has arisen in the morning with a severe headache, and on account of the depression of their feelings concluded they were backslidden.

Then it pleases God sometimes to test our faith by giving us a long dry spell. There is no unction, no ecstasy, no overflow, and sometimes it will last for weeks. The devil will come with clouds, and black darkness enveloping the soul, and whisper either, "You never were sanctified," or, "You have backslidden." The less one tinkers with their feelings, the stronger they will become in faith. No plant would ever grow if it were continually pulled up by the roots and examined. The one who depends on his feelings is liable to seek joy and a good feeling, which puts him in great danger of fanaticism; be-

cause the devil is ever on hand to deceive. Posing as an angel of light he can imitate the Holy Ghost and give a false joy, a false security, even a shout and apparent good feelings, but they don't last, and the deceived soul plunges into darkness and despair.

Not so with the one who is dead to his feelings. Come sorrow or joy, pain or pleasure, loss or gain, praise and criticism, they are always the same. A deep, sweet peace that nothing ruffles, or disturbs, such an one is a problem to the devil, but because of his unbounded faith in God and not his feelings, is able to withstand every fiery dart of the evil one. But are not there some signs, or touchstones by which we may know whether or not we are in the faith? Ah yes, thank God! The Bible is ever our guide; in it are the words of life. In it we read, "In everything give thanks." I don't think it ever fails, that when one backslides they immediately get cranky, irritable, fault-finding and blue; the opposite of a meek, humble, thankful spirit. One who is truly sanctified is just as thankful for a scanty meal as an elaborate one. They rejoice in God's goodness even when things do not go just as they think they ought to go, knowing that He knows best and has some plan in view which will work out for their good.

Then the Bible says again, "Let your conversation be in heaven," as Bro. Reese says, "A great part of our lives is spent in speech, if we fail to speak of heaven and heavenly things a great deal more than

we do of other things, something is radically wrong." Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The man who worships horses will continually talk about horses; the woman who is the walking newspaper of the neighborhood will always have plenty of gossip to pour into unwary ears, but the soul who loves Jesus supremely will ever be speaking of Him whom it loves to talk about.

They do not need to be a bore on religion either. The soul that walks with God usually has a message, and when God gives a message, He also prepares a heart to receive it, and without any effort on the part of the messenger, but a heart fully yielded, and an ear ever ready to hear God's voice. The heart ready for the message will usually throw open the door, and the message is delivered, with trust in God for the results.

Another touchstone is our thoughts. The Word can be our guide here also, which says (II. Cor. 10:5) bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. Every sanctified man or woman or child is willing at any time to have their thoughts weighed in the balance of God's unwavering justice. They would be willing to have them thrown on canvas, and displayed before the world at any time, which also will occur at the judgment day. The thoughts of the sanctified are on heaven, the work that God has given them to do, and much silent prayer, the heart lifted in adoration and praise, or pleading for help in time of need, or in meditation on

God's word. Thus if our thoughts dwell on the imperfections of others, on making money, dress, and are thoughts of hatred, envy, jealousy, etc., we can know that the fountain is still unclean and the sanctifying blood has not reached our souls.

Then we can know whether or not we are in the faith by the measuring rod of love. "Love your enemies," is the hardest rule, but thank God the truly sanctified can measure up. They not only love the lovable, but the unlovable; they not only love the members of their particular church, but love every child of God regardless of race, color, or social position, and they love the heathen they have never seen. Do you love everybody? Do you love God more than father, mother, husband or wife, child, sister or brother? God help us to answer these questions honestly from the heart. They love the prayer meeting. They would rather miss a meal for the body, than miss the meal at the prayer meeting for the soul.

There are also things they do not love. Love not the world, neither the things of the world. They do not love jewelry, extravagant clothes, fine homes, social prestige, the greatest honor, and a thousand and one things which all belong to the devil's kingdom. They are pilgrims and strangers seeking a better country; do not care to stop even a day to ease up, and set up an abiding place, but are journeying ever onward and upward, never making their camp fire in the same place.

One of the main touchstones is being dead to the world and alive unto God. For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God. Dead to the wishes of everyone but God. True, the sanctified are the most obliging folks you ever met, when it is possible to serve God when they are serving you, but they will never serve the devil while they are doing you service.

You can threaten them, criticise them, slander them, and speak all manner of evil to them and of them, but you will find a dead man or woman a very hard thing to pick a quarrel with, so you better not try it on sanctified folks. After you are done pouring the devil's poison over them, they are liable to pour honey over you, and make you feel quite miserable, while they are running over with joy.

The next touchstone we will mention, and which is one of the greatest importance is the witness of the Spirit. He is ever faithful, never failing to put His finger on a sore spot, if there is one. It will hurt, but the quickest way to get healed, is to confess, ask forgiveness and get under the blood. When all is well the Witness of the Spirit will be clear and bright, but we must learn the difference between condemnation of the Spirit and accusation of the devil. When the devil comes with accusations, he will put darkness all over you, bemuddle you, and try to discourage you. You will remember nothing wrong that you have done, although you have examined your life carefully, and you scarcely know where you are.

But when the Spirit comes with condemnation He shows you exactly where you did wrong and what you must do to get back. In this case, never lose any time, the quicker you obey the better, for there is no use in parleying with God. In the other case when the devil comes with darkness to test your faith, just hold still, look up to Jesus, tell Him you will trust Him to take you through; tell the devil you know he is a liar and point him to the place where the old man died, and he will flee from you. Never harbor doubts. Don't give them house room, for if you entertain one, he will bring a dozen for company next time, as Bro. Fuge says.

Then there is still another way in which we may know whether or not we have really the joy of the Lord, which is our strength. No matter how loud we pray; or how long our testimony, if our lives are not right at home, it is all false. Bro. Newberry says, "Jump just as high as you please, but be sure you walk straight when you come down." Now the true, real joy of the Lord comes spontaneously at any place and at any time, there is no desire to show off, and make a good impression, but praises to God and a great love for Him is all that prompts it. It is like an artesian well flowing up, without any effort, and blessing everybody within reach. Not so with the false shout. It is worked up, sometimes requiring quite a long time of jerking, twisting, trembling, and finally breaks loose with an unearthly scream that scares people instead of blessing them,

and is meant to put a good impression on those who are not acquainted with the shouter, for they know very well it is of no use to shout before those who live near them, for their lives are not what they ought to be, and there is no faith in their outward manifestations.

Ah if we have the real thing, we do not go about trying to establish our own righteousness by telling folks how good we are, what wonderful things we have accomplished, trying, if possible, to make them believe we are sanctified when we are not. People know us better than we think they do, and our much talking only helps real spiritual people to locate us all the better. But if we know Him whom to know is eternal life; if we are hid with Christ in God, we care not what people say or think of us, just so we know God is well pleased with our lives.

Our conversations, prayers and testimonies, and everyday lives will be conformed to His will, and not to the pleasing of ourselves or others; neither to advertise our own goodness, but to exalt, honor and adore Him who has done so much for us. Let us not stop short of a "know so" salvation, something that we do not have to keep, but keeps us, satisfies every longing of the soul, qualifies for service, and finally will land us safe on that other shore.

CHAPTER XLI.

How We May Lose Sanctification.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Eph. 4:38.

Dr. Godbey contends that we cannot lose sanctification and justification at the same time: that sanctification must be lost first by grieving away the Holy Ghost, thus once more permitting depravity to come into the heart, and then justification is lost by the first sin committed, the outcome of the installed depravity.

Be that as it may, we know that sanctification may be lost. How many dear people throng our annual camp meetings with the one purpose of regaining once more the power, unction and liberty they once enjoyed. They realize the keen edge of their experience is gone; the dove of peace has flown; the joy bells are silent, and the blessed Holy Ghost has vacated.

We all know that we are sanctified by consecration and faith, then in order to backslide we must tamper with our consecration and fail to trust God.

When we consecrated ourselves to God, we turned everything over to Him. How many people grieve the blessed Holy Ghost by failing to let Him use their tongues in testimony? I believe it was John Fletcher that lost his experience four times by failing

to testify to it. The last time he regained the experience he said, "Now the whole world shall hear about it." Then there was a certain woman I knew in Kansas that failed to let the Holy Ghost use her feet. She was impressed again and again to go and visit a certain sick lady, but she kept putting it off again and again, until she not only lost the impression, but also her sanctification. Our tongues, feet, hands, money, all belong to God and just as soon as we fail to obey even in little things we tamper with the offering on the altar and will lose out.

Then when we were sanctified we permitted God to smash all our idols and to love Him supremely. Now it will be the devil's greatest pleasure to get our eyes off of Jesus onto some object, and finally get our affections twined around it. It was our good fortune to get hold of some fine full-blooded Barred Rocks. They were beautiful to look at and so tame. I would feed them, sit down and watch them a half hour at a time, until I found my affections going out to those fowls. I immediately called a halt, and now although we have still a nice flock of them, there is no danger of their usurping any place in my heart. I had the same test with my flowers. They would freeze again and again, until I was so dead to them I didn't care whether they lived or not, then it was I had all the flowers I wanted. I knew a lady who had a beautiful house full of flowers. She had a lovely home, and every window seemed to be full of the choicest plants. How much good she might have

done in giving bouquets to sick folks, and giving her friends slips from her plants! But she would take her friends about and show them all her lovely flowers without offering one of them, unless it was a half faded one or so. Yet she professed to be sanctified! She professed to love Jesus with all her heart, and didn't know that when she kept back her flowers from His little ones, that she was keeping them from Him.

Then there are women whom God has wonderfully sanctified who sometimes are in danger of losing the blessing by permitting their husbands to get between them and God. Husband must be on the altar the same as everything else, and while his wishes must be considered, God's wishes must be the rule and not the exception. Then there are others who fairly worship their housework. They can't go to prayer meeting if the dishes happen to be unwashed. If company comes Sunday morning they must stay home from church to cook a big dinner. Ah, I tell you the time will come when all these things will seem very insignificant, and by the time one has lost their experience once or twice, over such matters, they learn that God is a jealous God and must be first in everything and will be obeyed.

A sanctified soul is taken out further and further on the faith line. Their faith will be tested in many ways. The devil will point to the poor house, when the children are trusted to God's care; he will try to bring in worry and discontent. Faith in God and

heaven will be tested; faith in God's keeping power will be tried. A sanctified soul must watch and pray, lest he fall into indifference, lest he lose sight of the value of souls, lest the devil pour vinegar into his honey. They must watch that he does not let sorrow take the place of joy, discouragement the place of peace, resentment the place of submission, and self-praise the place of humility.

If we are prayerful, watchful, humble, submissive, trustful, faithful on our part, God will do the rest and bring us safely through.

MY BIBLE.

Oh my Bible! How I love thee!

Sweet companion of my way,
Though through the shade and gloom it windeth,
Thou art still my staff and stay.

How I love to read thy pages;
Gaze with rapture on the trace,
That so clearly there is portrayed,
Of my dear Redeemer's face.

On how often thou hast helped me
Over pain and woe and strife,
When I looked to thee for comfort,
Read the words of endless life.

There it tells me how He loves me,
How He died to set me free,
How He's gone away to glory
To prepare a place for me.

There it tells me how He suffered,
How I must His footsteps tread,
How He patiently, did bear it
And became the world's true Bread.

Then it tells me of that country,
I am journeying to see;

Where my Savior dwells forever
And a mansion has for me.

Do you wonder that I love it?
That I would not from it part?
For it is the words of Jesus,
Written by Him on my heart.
December 27, 1904.

